

# P O E M S

ON

Several Occasions.

---

By HENRY JONES.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY, at *Tully's Head*, *Pall-mall*,  
and W. OWEN, at *Temple-Bar*.

MDCCLXIX.



P O E M S

ON

Second Occasions.

BY HENRY JONES.

LONDON:

Printed for R. DODD, at St. Paul's Church, York-st. and W. DODD, at Temple-bar.

MDCCLXXXII.

TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE

P H I L I P,  
Earl of CHESTERFIELD,

The following POEMS are humbly  
inscrib'd by

His LORDSHIP'S

Much Oblig'd, and

Ever Grateful

Humble Servant,

HENRY JONES.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

P H I L I P

Baron of CHILSTRAITH

The following POEMS are humbly  
inscribed by

His Lordship's

Much Oblig'd and

Ever Grateful

Humble Servant

HENRY JONES

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## Advertisement.

*IT may be proper to inform the Reader, that the most Part of the following Pieces were wrote without any Design of their ever appearing in Print ; the Author's Consciousness of the Disadvantage he lay under, hindering him from aspiring to the Rank of a Poet : But the generous Encouragement he met with from some Persons of Distinction, to whom he had the Honour of being made known, determined him to offer his Productions to the Publick. It will be needless, perhaps, to declare, that he has had no Assistance from Learning. He takes this Opportunity of returning Thanks to all his Subscribers, and generous Benefactors, declaring his Ambition to extend no farther, than that of producing something not altogether unworthy their Countenance and Favour.*

# Advertisement

I may be proper to inform the Reader  
that the next Part of the following  
work will be sent out by Express  
every week in future; the first  
of the October will be the  
first, the second the 15th, the third  
the 1st of November: But the generous  
Patronage he met with from some Persons of  
Distinction, to whom he had the Honour of  
being recommended, determined him to offer  
his Productions to the Publick. It will be  
undoubtedly, perhaps, to declare, that he has had  
no Assistance from Learning. He takes his  
Opportunity of returning Thanks to all his  
Benefactors, and generous Benefactors, de-  
claring his Resolution to extend no farther,  
than that of producing something not al-  
ready mentioned in his Compositions and



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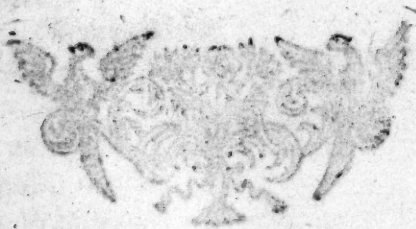
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Albion Wadley

Francis Wadley

Francis Wadley

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70EWS

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# POEMS

ON

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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*On his Excellency the Earl of CHESTERFIELD's  
Arrival in Ireland.*

**A** Midst th' Applause which Art and Learning brings,  
Listen, O STANHOPE, to what Nature sings;  
Tho' rude the Notes, yet noble is the Choice,  
The Subject only can support the Voice.  
Illustrious Guest! whose happy Wisdom's known  
To Belgian Councils, as to Britain's Throne;

B

Whose

Whose Tongue inspir'd an unresolving State,  
 And fix'd *Britannia's* as *Europa's* Fate :  
 Fir'd with the Glories of thy splendid Name,  
 Thro' various Climates still pursu'd by Fame,  
 To thee a Muse, untaught in *Latian* Lays,  
 Or *Grecian* Stile, her Voice obscure would raise ;  
 Wrapt in the Theme sublime, would proudly soar,  
 And sound thy Welcome to her native Shore.  
 Thee even Factions with one Voice require,  
 And Heav'n and *George* indulge the strong Desire.  
 See bending Crowds with willing Hearts obey,  
 And grateful own the delegated Sway.  
 Tho' ne'er great *Brunswick* to *Hibernia* rise,  
 But shines afar, and gladens other Skies ;  
 His godlike Pow'r beneficent we view,  
 Effulgent, and reflected all from you.  
 Lo, thus the Silver Substitute of Day,  
 Supplies his Absence with a borrow'd Ray ;  
 O'er the gay Globe with gentle Beam presides ;  
 Cheers the wild Waste, and rules the teeming Tides ;



Whose heaving Bosom swells the publick Store  
 With Wealth and Plenty from each distant Shore.  
 In Expectation flocks the tuneful Throng,  
 And glows to hail thee with a grateful Song :  
 As Birds exulting on the eager Wing,  
 Salute the Dawnings of the gladsome Spring ;  
 Their pouring Throats employ from Spray to Spray,  
 To greet the Sun, and bless the genial Day.  
 Each raptur'd Muse shall now resume her Lyre,  
 Swell the full Chords, and sweep the sounding Wyre  
 Sacred to thee the melting Strain shall flow ;  
 To thee the Numbers, and the Strains they owe.

Thrice happy Genius ! in whose Soul conspire  
 The Statesman's Wisdom and the Poet's Fire ;  
 O Friend to Arts ! revive our drooping Isle,  
 And make those Arts by thy Indulgence smile :  
 Ev'n here, thy Presence shall their Strength restore,  
 Tho' Congreve, Steel, Rascammon, are no more ;  
 Tho' Morrice, modest, hides his heav'nly Strains,  
 And Britain's Senate noble Boyle detains ;

Tho' *Swift* be dumb; for *Swift* *Ierne* weeps,  
 The Pride, the Parent of his Country, sleeps:  
 His clouded Soul now darts no dazzling Ray,  
 And faintly warms the animated Clay:  
 Not *Rome*'s sad Ruins such Impressions leave,  
 As Reason bury'd in the Body's Grave:  
 His living Lines shall mix their sacred Fire  
 In Nature's Blaze, and with thy Works expire.

Nor you, great Sir, on these weak Numbers frown,  
 Which mourn a *Swift*, and sing thy just Renown:  
 Such Strains, alas! as my unletter'd Hand,  
 Trembling would reach thee on the crowded Strand:  
 But thronging Thousands intercept my Way,  
 And deafning Jo's drown my feeble Lay.  
 Yet, if a Moment from the Toils of State,  
 And all the Burthen of a Kingdom's Weight,  
 Some little Leisure to the Muse you lend,  
 (Each leisure Moment is the Muse's Friend)  
 Permit, my Lord, that my unpolish'd Lays,  
 May hope for Pardon, tho' they fail to please.

*To the Right Honourable the Countess of CHES-  
TERFIELD, occasioned by her procuring a Pardon  
for two Soldiers condemned for Desertion.*

**W**Hat means this dismal Sound, that March so slow,  
This solemn Sadness, and this Pomp of Woe?  
Behold two Victims pale and trembling led,  
Already number'd with th' unheeded Dead!  
What ghastly Terrors on each Brow we trace!  
See Death imprinted on each dying Face!  
Yet Love of Life asserts its eager Claim,  
But Hope, alas! affords no flatt'ring Gleam.  
Lo! the pale King in horrid Pomp appears:  
What cruel Eye could then refrain from Tears?  
What Heart relentless then forbear to melt?  
Who saw their Sorrows, but like Sorrows felt?  
How sad the Conflict, how severe the Strife  
Of Wretches clinging to the Verge of Life!  
When angry Justice claim'd her promis'd Prey,  
And frown'd vindictive on the kind Delay;



Thy saving Mercy in that Moment flew,  
 (The darling Attribute of Heav'n and You)  
 To soft Compassion won thy willing Lord,  
 His Justice temp'ring sheath'd th' uplifted Sword;  
 And, in that dismal, that tremendous Hour,  
 Snatch'd the pale Victims from th' offended Pow'r,

As when by adverse Stars, or Chance misled,  
 Entic'd by Lucre, or impell'd by Dread,  
 A Wretch from some high Rock's stupendous Brow  
 Hangs o'er the Waves and dreadful Depths below,  
 The slender Bough he grasps, his only Stay,  
 Yields to his Weight, and more and more gives Way;  
 Of Hope abandon'd, as the Branch he tears,  
 He views th' Abyfs, and as he views, despairs;  
 'Till some unhop'd-for Hand prevents his Doom,  
 Lifts him to Life, and lengthen'd Years to come;  
 Redeem'd from Fate, nor yet restor'd to Life,  
 They wond'ring pause, and feel a doubtful Strife,  
 If still on Earth they breathe with Human Race,  
 Or mix with Shades in Death's obscure Embrace;

'Till

'Till dawning Hope the dubious Horror clears,  
 Reveals their Safety, and dispels their Fears.  
 Loud Shouts of Triumph waft thy Name on high,  
 And *Stanhope's* Goodness fills the vaulted Sky.

Oh ! hadst thou Power afflicted Realms to spare,  
 And rescue *Europe* from the Waste of War ;  
 Fell Rage and Discord at thy Nod should cease,  
 And all Mankind enjoy the Sweets of Peace.  
 Then human Blood should deluge Earth no more,  
 But Leagues of Commerce join each distant Shore.  
 You, like the Dove, the friendly Branch should bring,  
 And blooming Olives in each Climate spring :  
 A golden Age the guilty Globe should see,  
 And *Scotia* faithful as *Hibernia* be.  
 No Feuds intestine in her Bosom jar,  
 No Breath rebellious wakes the Trump of War :  
 Her martial Tribe a generous Fervour feels,  
 And Virtue's Strength each steadfast Hero steels,  
 For Truth and Freedom firmly they unite,  
 And stand resolv'd to tempt the hardy Fight.

Thy *Stanhope's* Presence shall each Patriot fire;  
And *George's* Glory all their Souls inspire,

On the SPRING.

**T**HE mounting Sun with gladsome Ray  
Makes wanton Nature smile;  
Each Field looks green, each Garden gay,  
And Birds rejoice the while.  
The furl Winter's now no more,  
The lovely Spring prevails;  
No Tempests dash the sounding Shore,  
Or burst the rending Sails.  
Soft Breezes, breathing through the Grove,  
Already deck'd in Green,  
Invite the Thrush and Turtle Dove  
With *Philomel* their Queen.



In Lays of Love they waste the Day,  
 While she enchants the Night;  
 Her Bosom leaning on some Spray,  
 To give the Gloom delight.

---

The smiling Shepherd now beholds  
 With Joy his teeming Flocks,  
 And drives them bleating to their Folds,  
 Amid the vocal Rocks.

The lusty Swain with Rapture steals  
 By yonder friendly Shade,  
 Where with Love Songs and soothing Tales  
 He charms the list'ning Maid.

Since *Flora* now her Mantle throws  
 On that tall Mountain's Head,  
 So lately crown'd with Winter's Snows,  
 By furly *Boreas* shed:

To

( 10 )

To *Phæbus*' Praise let Poets sing,  
And sweep their joyful Lyres,  
Whose chearful Beam restores the Spring,  
And ev'ry Bard inspires.

---

*On the Lying-in Hospital in Dublin.*

**O**N out-stretch'd Wings of glorious Seraphs borne,  
More bright than Ev'ning Bow, or radiant Morn,  
Lo! Charity from Heav'n descends,  
And Heav'nly Joy her Train attends :

Serenely meek, in Smiles array'd,  
Seraphic Ardours on her wait,  
Celestial Virtues shine display'd,  
Celestial Pomp adorns her State.

Around her Throne obsequious move  
Soft Compassion, pious Love,  
Melting Pity, Hopes that cheer,  
And from the Wretched drive Despair.

Divine

Divine Benevolence before her stands,  
 Grace in her Smiles and Bounty in her Hands,  
 She comes Religion to restore,  
 To banish Care from ev'ry Breast,  
 To raise the Sick, relieve the Poor,  
 And give the Weak and Weary'd Rest.

All hail, celestial Goddess! hail!

O Charity sublime!

Propitious spread thy sacred Veil,

And cover every Crime.

Thy Sacrifice all Sin atones,

And still accepted, mounts on high:

You ease the lab'ring Mother's Groans,

You hush the Orphan's Cry!

You brighten ev'ry Mortal Gloom,

You soften Anguish, banish Strife;

You take the helpless Infant from the Womb,

And hand it smiling into Life.

Devote



Devote to thee,  
 Here, Goddess, see  
 Thy Vot'ries kneel;  
 They fervent feel  
 Thy Soul-exalting Fire:  
 Rejoic'd they rise  
 Above the Skies,  
 Where heav'nly Minds aspire,  
 Celestial Guest,  
 In flame each Breast  
 With social Ardours, mutual Love;  
 Still more refin'd  
 Make Humankind,  
 Till each be like the Bless'd above.

---

*Lines to Lord Chief Justice SINGLETON.*

**W**ITH love of lasting Fame inspir'd,  
 I hung o'er Swift's immortal Page;  
 His matchless Energy admir'd,  
 And kindl'd with poetick Rage.

Methought, in \* *Bewly's* blissful Shade

I lay, near *Boyne's* smooth flowing Tide,  
Where aged Elms their Arms display'd,  
Close by a chrystal Fountain Side.

There, to my ravish'd Sight arose  
All Nature's Charms, all *Eden's* Spring;  
Th' enamel'd Turf with Violets glows,  
And Birds 'mid purple Fragrance sing.

When lo! a Form divine appears,  
Advancing from a Laurel Gloom,  
With all the rev'rend Marks of Years,  
With all the Pomp of *Greece* and *Rome*,

His solemn Port sublime displays  
Each publick Worth, each letter'd Grace;  
His sacred Head was crown'd with Bays,  
And Virtue triumph'd in his Face.

A pious  
\* *A fine Seat near Drogheda, where his Lordship and the  
Author were born.*

A pious Fear fill'd all my Mind,

As on the godlike Seer I gaz'd;

To Ecstasy and Awe resign'd,

I lay transported and amaz'd.

The Muses all around him smile,

Each Nymph sustains a golden Lyre;

The Guardian Genius of this Isle

Sedate attends the sacred Sire.

The Shape ethereal nearer drew,

In awful Dignity array'd,

His Country's Father soon I knew,

The *Drapier's* ever-honour'd Shade!

Th' illustrious Bard approach'd serene,

Inclining gracious ere he spoke,

Propitious Smiles adorn his Mien,

And from his Lips these Accents broke.

"To



" To thee, ev'n thee ! my Care extends ; "

(He said, and reach'd his rev'rend Hand)

" To plume thy Muse, lo ! *Swift* descends,

" To guide thy Flight, thy Fame expand.

" Let Virtue's Pow'r thy Strains employ ; "

" Thy Country's Friends be always thine ;

" Her faithful Sons still sing with Joy,

" And make the Patriot's Merit shine.

" High as thy native Tow'rs upraise

" Midst yonder Clouds their Tops sublime,

" His Virtues soar who wakes thy Lays,

" Inspires thy Muse, demands thy Rhyme.

" Not *Athen's* Walls more worth could boast,

" Tho' *Plato* there imbib'd his Lore ;

" Tho' *Tully* thence to *Latium's* Coast

" Transferr'd the bright immortal Store.

" A shining

" A shining Sage, see ! *Boyne* disclose,

" Who pours abroad bright Wisdom's Beams ;

" From his rich Tongue Persuasion flows ;

" And Science, sheds her lucid Streams.

" Through distant Climes his Fame, outspread

" In wide expanding Rounds, prevails ;

" He stands in lost *Astrea's* Stead

" To poize aloft th' unerring Scales.

" A Worth like his, my Lyre might praise,

" Which Flattery's Finger ne'er debas'd ;

" Such splendid Worth inspir'd my Lays,

" When *Singleton* my Numbers grac'd."

" That honour'd Sound my Senses shook ;

Sudden th' instructive Vision fled ;

Repos'd on *Swift's* inspiring Book

I, waking, found my raptur'd Head.

*On Mr. POPE's Death.*

**T**HESE Lines to *Pope* for ever sacred live,  
The best a grateful mourning Muse can give:

To him, now number'd with th' immortal Dead,

This Verse unfeign'd with flowing Eyes be read.

O Thou! applauded by the Wise and Great!

Nor Worth, nor Genius could postpone thy Fate:

Too long an Exile from the Worlds of Bliss,

By envying Angels snatch'd too soon from this:

Thy Strains seraphick shall their Anthems raise,

Give Heav'n new Harmony, and God new Praise.



*On a PICTURE of Our Saviour's Examination  
before Caiphas ; sent to his Grace Dr. GEORGE  
STONE, Lord Primate of Ireland.*

O N hallow'd Canvass, see ! the Saviour shine ;  
And lowliest Meekness temper Beams divine ;  
Unclouded Sapience in his Visage glows ;  
And from his Eyes benign Effulgence flows ;  
Resign'd, and calm, the World's Redeemer stands,  
And bears, with godlike Patience, impious Bands.  
The Hebrew Priest beholds that Face with Fear ;  
And Pilate's Heart confess'd a God was there !  
No dread like this disturbs our Pontiff's Soul ;  
No conscious Fears his rising Joys controul ;  
Wrapt in the Theme divine, his Bosom swells,  
And on the sacred Scene, delighted, dwells.  
What pure Emotions his warm Soul expand,  
When Jesus stretches his appealing Hand !

The

The spotless Victim self-devoted dies,

Whilst Angels waft th' eternal Sacrifice.

The glorious Groupe elates his raptur'd Mind,

By Faith inflam'd, and Love of Humankind.

Hail, pious Pastor ! thine's th' exalted Rock,

The Crook is thine, and thine the sacred Flock ;

O'er barren Cliffs thy watchful Care extends ;

On sun-burn'd Heaths the naked Fold defends:

Beneath thy genial Eye new Flow'rs shall grow,

From gushing Rocks the limpid Springs shall flow :

Ten thousand Hills, see ! crown'd with rich Increase,

Through vocal Vales the Lambs shall sport in Peace :

Repuls'd by thee, the Wolf shall prowls in vain :

Nor shall the wily Fox infest the Plain :

No more misled the wand'ring Flock shall stray,

To ambush'd Snares, and erring Guides, a Prey :

Within one widening Pale, th' increasing Sheep

Unharm'd shall feed by Day, secure by Night shall sleep.

## To Doctor GREEN.

**T**HE arduous Task, Infection to defeat,  
 Be thine; the Heart-corroding Pang remove,  
 And chearful Health to drooping Life restore.  
 From all the Channels of the vital Stream  
 Successful drive the lurking Mischief forth,  
 By salutary Draught, or various Skill,  
 By *Esculapius* taught, with sov'reign Pow'r  
 To calm the Tempest of the raging Blood.  
 When dark seditious Vapours from the Lake  
 Of Life ascend, to blot bright Reason's Ray,  
 And dim the Eye of Thought : when wild Uproar  
 Confounds the intellectual Frame, and all  
 The raging Anarchy of Soul prevails,  
 How dismal then the Chaos of the Mind !  
 Each broken Sentiment and shatter'd Thought,  
 The fractur'd Phraze unhing'd, and all the Wreck



Of thinking Pow'r ! Can of immortal Minds  
 The Offspring, Thought, with noxious Fluids blend,  
 And tinge Ideas in the tainted Mass ?  
 So closely ty'd is the connubial Knot,  
 Which weds with Flesh the intellectual Soul ;  
 And so reciprocal their tender Springs,  
 So corresponding are their feeling Pow'rs,  
 Amazing Laws ! where Agents so unlike  
 United form the noble Creature Man.--  
 Man, after his Creator's Image made,  
 To Angels near a-kin ; yet compass'd round  
 (Sad Legacy ! ) with mortal Maladies  
 By Flesh inherited ; a thousand Ills  
 His feeble Frame obnoxious find without,  
 Or dreadful raise rebellious Feuds within ;  
 When Insurrections strong from Humours rise  
 Hostile, imbib'd in soft respiring Gales,  
 The Vehicles of Death oft found, or when  
 Excess, the Child of Appetite unrein'd,  
 Would act auxiliar to the Hand of Fate,

And midway snap the thin-spun Thread of Life ;  
 Did not thy healing Hand with happy Skill  
 Retrieve the Wretch from Death's voracious Jaw,  
 Recall to Life; and disappoint the Grave.

---

PHILOSOPHY, a POEM, addressed to the LADIES  
*who attended Mr. Booth's Lectures in Dublin.*

**T**O Science sacred, Muse, exalt thy Lays;  
 Science of Nature, and to Nature's Praise :  
 Attend, ye Virtuous, and rejoice, to know  
 Her mystick Labours, and her Laws below;  
 Her Ways above with curious Eyes explore,  
 Admire her Treasures, and her God adore.

Behold, ye Fair ! how radiant Colours glow,  
 What dyes the Rose ; what paints the heav'nly Bow,  
 The purpling Shade, the rich refracted Ray,  
 And all th' unblended Beams of various Day.  
 Lo ! here, the Magnet's Magick charms the Sight,  
 And fills the Soul with Wonder and Delight :

In her coy Nature turns her Face aside,  
 And mocks th' enquiring Sage's learned Pride.  
 Here, less reserv'd, she shows her plainer Course  
 In mutual Contest of elastick Force,  
 Which holds reciprocal in ballanc'd Strife,  
 The Shield of Nature, and the Fence of Life :  
 The ambient Atmosphere, embracing all,  
 The wide Circumf'rence of this circling Ball,  
 Saving each vital Frame from crushing Fate ;  
 For inward Act sustains external Weight :  
 The Vehicle of Life, to those that breathe  
 On solid Land, or liquid Waves beneath,  
 The Universe pervading, filling Space,  
 And, like its Maker, unconfin'd to Place.

What pleasing Fervours in each Bosom rise !  
 What deep Attention, and what fix'd Surprize !  
 When, quick as Thought, th' Electric Vigour springs  
 Swifter than Lightning on its rapid Wings ;  
 A Flight so instant, to no Space confin'd,  
 Eludes Ideas, and outstrips the Mind.



Lo! to the Brain the bright Effluviu flies;  
 Glows in the Heart, and flashes from the Eyes.  
 Here, with new Raptures, the fond Youth shall gaze,  
 With Joy transmitting the ecstasick Blaze.  
 See! the coy Nymph partake his Flame by Turns,  
 See, like a Seraph, how she smiles and burns!

Contracted here, by wond'rous Art, is seen  
 A boundless System in a small Machine.  
 Here, human Skill, to proud Perfection brought,  
 The mortal Mimick of Omnifick Thought;  
 Th' Almighty's Model, to the Mind conveys  
 The Universe, and all its Pow'rs displays,  
 How wander Planets, how revolves the Year,  
 The Moon how changes, and how Comets glare:  
 The Sun's bright Globe illumines th' unmeasur'd Space,  
 Whilst waiting Worlds enjoy, by Turns, his Face;  
 From his rich Presence drink th' All-quick'ning Soul,  
 From him their Days ascend, their Seasons roll.  
 See! Wisdom, here, her brightest Beams display,  
 To fill the Mind with Philosophick Day:

The Springs unfolding of Mechanick Laws,  
 Tracing, through known Effects, th' Eternal Cause,  
 Whose pow'rful *Fiat*, whose creative Will  
 First founded Nature, and supports her still.

Here, God-like *Newton's* all-capacious Mind,  
 The Glory, and the Guide of Humankind,  
 Shows wedded Worlds far distant Worlds embrace  
 With mutual Bands, yet keep their destin'd Space;  
 Roll endless Measures through th' etherial Plain,  
 Link'd by the social, strong, attractive Chain,  
 Whose latent Springs exert all Nature's Force,  
 Enwrap the Poles, and point the Stars their Course.  
 Mysterious Energy! stupendous Theme!  
 Immediate Mover of this boundless Frame!  
 Who can thy Essence, or thy Pow'r explain?  
 The Sons of Wisdom seek thy Source in vain:  
 Thy Self invisible, yet seen thy Laws,  
 This glorious Fabrick thy Effect, and God the Cause.

Thrice happy few! that wisely here attend  
 The Voice of Science, and her Cause befriend;

Let

Let others, heedless of their youthful Prime,  
 Squander on empty Joys their fleeting Time;  
 'Tis your's, with Reason's searching Eye to view  
 Great Nature's Laws, and trace her winding Clue.  
 Behold her Book, th' instructive Page expand,  
 Fill'd with the Wonders of her Maker's Hand,  
 In awful Characters, which clearly shine  
 Worthy of Wisdom, and of Pow'r Divine.  
 Peruse God's Ways, his perfect Workings trace;  
 In Nature's Mirror shines his heav'nly Face.

To you, bright Nymphs, where Wisdom charms us most,  
 The Pride of Nature, and Creation's boast;  
 To you, Philosophy enamour'd flies,  
 And triumphs in the Plaudit of your Eyes.  
 When Worth, like yours, her shining Throne sustains,  
 The Queen of Science with true Splendor reigns;  
 By Beauty aided, she extends her Sway,  
 And won, by you, Mankind glad Homage pay.



*On the vain Pursuits and imperfect Enjoyments*  
*of HUMAN LIFE.*

**L**IFE, like a Play-thing, humours us awhile;  
 We prize the Bauble, at its Trinkets smile;  
 Each glitt'ring Trifle stills us for a Day,  
 Then Children-like we throw that Toy away;  
 With froward Minds we long for something new,  
 And still a vain Variety pursue.  
 The distant Object which we covet most,  
 If once enjoy'd, is in Possession lost:  
 Those Hills from far, with seeming Verdure crown'd,  
 A closer View has bleak and barren found.  
 Led on by Hope, we tread the Fairy Maze,  
 And eager grasp at something still to please:  
 A dear-bought Wisdom Disappointment shews;  
 In Life's blank Lott'ry all may fear to lose.

The Miser, anxious for his hoarded Gold,  
 Starves in Abundance, and in Want grows old;

With

With squeezing Palm he gripes his Mammon fast,  
 And clinches closer as he breathes his last ;  
 For Strangers hoards his Piles of mouldy Pelf,  
 Who soon shall waste what he denies himself :  
 Penurious Madman, anxious for his Heap,  
 Lab'ring to sow what other Hands must reap.

By Midnight Lamps the poring Sage has past  
 His painful Life, and is deceiv'd at last ;  
 Huge Volumes from his teeming Thoughts he draws,  
 Imagin'd Monuments of vast Applause,  
 Which shall to distant Years transmit him down,  
 And teach Posterity his great Renown ;  
 Pleas'd with the Prospect, he resigns his Breath,  
 And fondly triumphs over Time and Death ;  
 When lo ! his Works, an useless Lumber, rot,  
 And are, with him, in half an Age forgot.

Through Foes for Fame the Soldier hews his Way,  
 Provoking Fate, and Fame shall be his Pay ;  
 For this young *Ammon* seeks to scale the Skies,  
 And frantic *Charles* impartial Fate defies :

'Twas this made Heroes in all Ages bleed,  
That Men unborn might envy every Deed.

Deluded Mortals labour oft in vain,  
By Death prevented ere they count their Gain:  
What Gain, alas ! can be expected here,  
Where all Things fail, and nothing's found sincere ?  
Yet human Vanity asserts her Claim,  
And courts an empty Echo for a Name.  
This Passion prone to lowest Ranks descends,  
The coarsest Clown for clumsy Fame contends ;  
Ambition ebbing to its Vulgar Lee,  
Ferments in Dregs, and warms each base Degree.  
Since Life's Enjoyments weigh not half its ill,  
And nothing here the human Soul can fill,  
To distant Objects she must turn her Eye,  
And present Wants by future Hopes supply ;  
Such Hopes, well grounded, speak her truly wise,  
And lift her Wishes to their native Skies,  
Above the Reach of Rumour's feeble Sounds,  
And Fame that circles in surviving Rounds.

To



To grasp at Happiness is all our View,  
 Through diff'rent Tracks her Footsteps we pursue;  
 Whilst each his own fallacious Path approves,  
 As Int'rest leads, or Inclination moves :  
 Yet most through Error lose their wish'd-for Way,  
 Who sets out wrong must wander far astray.  
 - Some, plung'd in Riot, seek their sov'reign Good  
 From tilting Spirits and tumultuous Blood ;  
 With large Potations Reason's Voice depress,  
 And drown her Clamours in the deep Excess ;  
 'Midst reeking Fumes exhale their Lives away,  
 Whilst late Repentance and a swift Decay,  
 Pursuing close at Pleasure's lawless Heels,  
 Bring all the Woes despairing Frenzy feels :  
 When Lungs decay'd, and Nerves convulsive shake,  
 Each pungent Pang confirms the mad Mistake :  
 Reflection then on Reason's Aid shall call,  
 Bid Prudence prop what Folly dooms to fall.  
 In vain much Wealth for Happiness we try ;  
 Soft Pleasures pall, and soon as tasted die.

Ambition

Ambition giddy on its Summit grows;  
 And Crowns fit heavy on the Monarch's Brows:  
 Our Knowledge too in narrow Bounds confin'd,  
 Defrauds our Hopes and disappoints the Mind:  
 Lo! all Enjoyments are imperfect here,  
 And Pleasure's Cup is ever mix'd with Care.  
 Since all Conditions their own Wants proclaim,  
 Is then this Happiness an empty Name?  
 A meer Delusion in our warm Embrace?  
 A fitting Phantom which we fondly chace?  
 Can nothing here the eager Mind sustain?  
 Is Health a Shadow, or is Virtue vain?  
 The one in Absence we too late regard;  
 The other fails, nor is its own Reward:  
 Continu'd Health's true Value's seldom known,  
 And Virtue's strangely out of Fashion grown.

As they who sail by *India's* fragrant Shore,  
 Relax their Speed, and ev'ry Gale devour;  
 Bask in the Breezes breath'd from Spicey Lands,  
 Yet found the Rocks and shun the shelving Sands;

To their intended Coast they slowly steer,  
Enjoy the Passage, but not anchor there.

So we through Life with calm Content should roam,  
Endure the Journey, not mistake our Home.

What here we reap is for Refreshment given ;

Convenient Stages in our Way to Heav'n :

What Taste of Happiness we find below,

Must from Religion's sacred Fountain flow ;

When gentle Passions move obedient still,

And Reason rules, and Wisdom guides the Will.

This Soul-felt Calm can ev'ry Ill remove,

And gives an Earnest of the Joys above,

Draws the bright Scene, unfolds the Gates of Bliss,

A Life Celestial, and begun in this.



To the Hon. Mr. Baron MOUNTNEY.

THO' Crowds, litigious, to the Town resort,  
 And eager Clients fill the noisy Court,  
 You Cryer,---silence yonder buzzing Throng;  
 Be hush'd the Bar, for *Lelius* reads my Song.  
 Let Oaks and Acres undetermin'd stand,  
 No Cause be mov'd but of Poetick Land;  
*Parnassian* Palms shall money'd Suits retard,  
 And *Jones* in *forma pauperis* be heard;  
 Whilst he, still anxious for the Sentence, fears  
 His Loss of Laurels as a Loss of Ears:  
 Yet on his Judge's Friendship would depend;  
 But he in judging never knows a Friend.  
 Of Wit and Wealth impartial weighs the Claim;  
 What Mulct more grievous than a Fine on Fame?  
 Yet that, e'en that, I'll bear, if he decide,  
 Who heals my Weakness, whilst he wounds my Pride.  
 Begin, my Muse, *Britannia* claims thy Strains,  
 Her fertile Vallies, and her flow'ry Plains;

Thrice happy *Britain*, on whose Bosom grows  
 What Earth, all-bounteous, yields, or Art bestows;  
 Delighted here my wond'ring Eyes survey,  
 In Winter's Frown the smiling Groves look gay;  
 The Mountains mantl'd, in rich Bloom appear,  
 And Larks and Nightingales mistake the Year.  
 The Muse in vain would local Beauties sing,  
 Where all is Rapture, and where all is Spring;  
 Yet *Hampton's* copious Lawns demand my Song,  
 They charm'd me early, and they charm'd me long;  
 Within thy Shades, from scorching Suns secure,  
 Thy Noons were pleasing, and thy Morns were pure;  
 In Visions wrapt among thy Groves I lay,  
 Or on thy cool Canals enjoy'd the Day:  
 The sweet Remembrance in my Bosom swells;  
 There Bliss untainted and my *Tilson* dwells:  
 Long there may Health endear each smiling Hour,  
 Bloom in the Beam, and bless the genial Bow'r;  
 Domestick Happiness from Heav'n descend,  
 And ev'ry earthly Joy surround my Friend,

Who took me timely in his gen'rous Hand,  
 Dismay'd and wand'ring in a foreign Land ;  
 Who made me, smiling, with a Soul confess'd  
 His warm Associate, and his welcome Guest ;  
 Beneath his hospitable Roof retir'd,  
 His Humour charm'd me, and his Sense inspir'd.

His *Mira* there in Virtue's Form is seen,  
 Peace in her Smile, and Pleasure in her Mien ;  
 Winning Attraction, and connubial Grace,  
 Breathe in her Air, and brighten in her Face :  
 Accomplish'd thus to chear and temper Life,  
 To Pride a Stranger, and unknown to Strife ;  
 Mild and harmonious as the Breath of *May*,  
 When Ev'ning Gales o'er Beds of Roses play ;  
 She gently moves, and with her moves a Band,  
 Three smiling Graces at her guiding Hand ;  
 Delightful Babes, whose lovely Faces show  
 The Morn's Vermilion, and the Noon-tide Glow,  
 Whose blooming Spring a Mother's Hope employs,  
 Her Pledge and Promise of maturer Joys ;



Like tender Vines, whose Blossoms deck the Year,  
 Ere Boughs extend, or rip'ning Fruits appear,  
 Th' indulgent Warmth her genial Power supplies,  
 And bids the future Fragrance fill the Skies.  
 With her two Nymphs in letter'd League combin'd,  
 Of virtuous Sentiment and Taste refin'd;  
 Sisters in Science join'd, and polish'd Ease,  
 And each bright Talent to improve or please;  
 External Beauty seems their smallest Share,  
 Tho' none more lovely, and tho' few so fair;  
 Yet Strength of Mind, with Judgment's added Weight,  
 And gentlest Manners, make their Charms complete.

Take thou the Verse, accept the grateful Line,  
 Which to thy *Tilson's* Worth I pay, and thine;  
 To thee, O MOUNTNEY, let my Strains ascend,  
 Forgive my Freedom, when I call thee Friend.  
 Aw'd by thy Judgment, let my Conduct be  
 From mean Assurance and from Flatt'ry free:  
 Tho' low my Station, let my Thoughts aspire;  
 You rais'd my Genius, and you fann'd my Fire.

By your Example warm'd, I took my Flight  
 On feeble Wings, yet kept you still in Sight ;  
 Ambitious still your Path sublime to tread,  
 Where Wisdom pointed, and where Virtue led ;  
 Fond of the Precept, I the Practice try'd,  
 Proud to approach you, but with humble Pride.

---

*The Character of a true Patriot, and a good Man.*

**H**A I L, happy Man, for publick Good design'd,  
 Whose Tongue declares the Message of thy Mind,  
 In Language such as ancient *Rome* might hear,  
 When *Cæsar* shook, and *Tully* thunder'd there!  
 Lo! awful Courts with solemn Silence bend,  
 And sacred Senates on your Voice attend,  
 When there you right the injur'd Orphan's Cause,  
 Or here promote a Nation's wholesome Laws :  
 What pleasing Fervour in each Bosom glows,  
 When, smooth as *Boyne*, your Elocution flows,

Your Sense as deep, as clear your happy Theme,  
 Your Stile as strong, yet gentle as its Stream;  
 Bless'd in each Thought, with ev'ry Virtue blest'd,  
 Which warms the Patriot's or the Parent's Breast.  
 These sacred Dignities, illustrious Names,  
 Your Country honours, and your Offspring claims :]  
 To both indulgent, you each Hour employ,  
 Abroad their Ornament, at home their Joy.  
 Your firm Integrity is still the same,  
 No Slave to Prejudice, no Fool to Fame;  
 Your steadfast Principles the Test abide,  
 Spurn at Corruption, or Ambition's Pride;  
 True to your Country, to your King sincere,  
 Detesting Flattery, and contemning Fear;  
 Scorning to swim down Faction's head-long Flood;  
 A Patriot only for the publick Good :  
 In Worth accomplish'd, and to Truth resign'd,  
 Humane to Failings, and to Merit kind.  
 Such were the Virtues, such their high Degree,  
 Which from bright Ancestors beam down on Thee ;

Yet



Yet shin'st thou not with mere imputed Rays,  
 The faint Reflection of a borrow'd Blaze ;  
 Each envy'd Dignity you make more known,  
 Bright'ning their Lustre as you spread your own ;  
 No Gleam shall sink in Time's devouring Gloom,  
 They'll gild Oblivion, and survive the Tomb.  
 When falling Monuments their Trust betray,  
 And Marbles moulder like their Dust away ;  
 When Nature's Frame a dreadful Ruin lies,  
 And all her Beauty, all her Order dies,  
 Immortal Virtue shall transcend her Date,  
 Look down on Death, and triumph over Fate.  
 And sure if Reason, with exalted Eye,  
 Pursues her Footsteps to the Realms on high,  
 Through Life's Vicissitudes still pressing on  
 With Speed unwearied, till the Prize is won ;  
 That pious Ardour must true Wisdom be,  
 In those who seek it, and pursue like thee,  
 Firm to your Purpose, in resolving wise,  
 By Justice guided to th' important Prize ;

Above Misfortune's unexpected Blow,  
 That Lot of Mortals in this Vale below;  
 Resign'd to Heav'n when he to blefs forbears,  
 And wisely thankful for the Good he spares:  
 And let me add, O may it not offend!  
 The Muse's Fav'rite, and the Muse's Friend,

---

- On his Royal Highness the Duke of CUMBERLAND's  
*Success at the Hague.*

**W**Hilst grateful *Britons* lift their loud Applause  
 For sacred Rights redeem'd, and rescu'd Laws;  
 A People sav'd, the joyful Sound proclaim,  
 And ev'ry Bosom swells with *William's* Name,  
 His Country freed, he glows for Humankind,  
 And *Europe's* Safety fills his mighty Mind,  
 Lo! *Belgian* States the Royal Envoy warms,  
 Inflames their Breasts, and fires their Souls to Arms:  
 Rous'd by his Voice, the fatal Chain they broke,  
 And saw with Horror the impending Yoke.

To

To naked View each *Gallick* Scheme he shows ;  
 That *France* and Freedom are eternal Foes :  
 Her luring Bait he strips of all Disguise,  
 Op'ning the deadly Snare to *Europe's* Eyes.  
 The mighty Chiefs, amaz'd, beheld with Fear  
 The Storm black frowning, and their Fate so near ;  
 Their anxious Minds the God-like Prince allay'd,  
 They court his Councils, and implore his Aid :  
 To him the Nations gath'ring from afar,  
 Intrust their Plans of Peace, their Hopes of War.  
 Hail, mighty Chief! hail! darling glorious Youth!  
 Guardian of Liberty, and injur'd Truth!  
*Britannia's* Boast, whose early Virtues stood  
 'Midst rending Thunders firm, in Fields of Blood  
 Wading victorious through the Crimson Tide,  
 And *France* defeated at thy Father's Side !  
 On thee our utmost Hopes, our Joys, depend ;  
 On thee, the Tyrant's Foe, and Freedom's Friend.  
 Go forth invincible, assert the Field ;  
 Justice shall lend her Sword, and Truth her Shield.

Go

To



Go forth, great Prince, with conscious Worth elate,  
 Whilst Angels guard thee in the Files of Fate.  
 Thy Cause shall triumph o'er the destin'd Foe,  
 And Heav'n shall guide, and strengthen ev'ry Blow:  
 When Battles rage, Success shall round thee play,  
 And each be like *Culloden's* glorious Day.

---

*To a Young GENTLEMAN.*

**P**Revailing Vice still fetters fordid Souls;  
 And yielding Virtue at her Will controuls;  
 An Over-match, alas! too frequent found,  
 When foil'd Religion must herself give Ground.  
 Rebellious Nature with unbounded Sway,  
 Perverts the Will and leads the Mind astray,  
 Inflames the Soul, excites deprav'd Desires,  
 Kindles to Lust, and lights up fatal Fires;  
 Unruly Passions in the Heart arise,  
 And all that's rational before them flies;

Like

Like restive Coursers we still headlong run,  
 Our Speed increasing, as the Goal we shun,  
 Whilst hot and hasty in th' erroneous Track,  
 Our Strength we weary, and our Nerves we slack:  
 When boiling Blood fermenting in our Veins,  
 The raging Fever of the Soul sustains,  
 Wild and delirious in the frantick Stretch,  
 We drive at Happiness beyond our Reach;  
 'Till cooling Age affords us Time to think,  
 And pausing checks us on the utmost Brink.  
 When grey Experience makes us anxious mourn,  
 And points the Way by which we'd fain return:  
 But O! too steep the backward Brow appears;  
 And who can clamber with a Load of Years?  
 Our mis-spent Youth is then beyond our Pow'r,  
 No Morning Ray can gild our Ev'ning Hour;  
 Fearful and faint our Wand'rings we regret,  
 In Clouds decline, in total Darkness set.

Thrice happy he, who goes not young astray,  
 By Wisdom guided in his early Way:

Her

Her radiant Lamp shall light his Footsteps on,  
 Where all the Good and Great are safely gone.  
 Tho' Wisdom's Summit we ascend with Pain,  
 The Labour ceases when the Point we gain;  
 Revolving Doubts no longer then retard,  
 When Hope is swallow'd in the vast Reward.  
 Go on, my Friend, th' exalted Palm secure;  
 Who seeks a Crown must gen'rous Toils endure.

### RATH-FARNHAM, a POEM.

*Addressed to WILLIAM PALISER, Esq;*

**A**S in the moral World we, wond'ring, see  
 Such different Stations, yet such just Degree,  
 Which all contribute wisely to sustain  
 The mutual Intercourse, and social Chain,  
 Whose Links in regular Gradation fall,  
 Whilst all on one, and each depends on all:  
 Wise Nature, thus, proportions her Degrees,  
 From Shrubs to Cedars, and from Brooks to Seas;

As



As princely Dignities, exalted, rise,  
 So lofty Mountains meet the bending Skies;  
 Inferior Honours hold inferior State,  
 As lesser Hills upon those Mountains wait;  
 Things great and small, if small and great there be,  
 In Contrast stand; tho' opposite, agree;  
 The thund'ring Tempest and the rolling Whale,  
 The Bee that murmurs in the Morning Gale,  
 All, all, one aptest Harmony combine,  
 And speak the Author of their Frame, Divine!  
 Hence, various Seasons, various Beauties bring,  
 The naked Winter, as the liv'ry'd Spring;  
 Hence, diff'rent Objects charm th' expanded Soul,  
 And lift her Thoughts to one stupendous Whole!  
 Ten thousand Pleasures on my Senses pour;  
 The craggy Precipice, the blooming Bow'r,  
 The winding Rivulet, the flow'ry Vale,  
 The Grove that quivers in the fragrant Gale,  
 The glad'ning Vista, the extended View,  
 The Hills invellop'd in yon azure Blue.

Here,

Here, fair † *Eblana* fills the wond'ring Eye,  
 Her stately Pillars prop th' incumbent Sky;  
 Herself a Queen majestically great;  
 A thousand Villa's at her Levee wait;  
 A thousand Palaces her Poms increase,  
 With *Grecian* Grandeur, and with *Roman* Grace;  
 Her op'ning Arms are socially display'd,  
 Inviting Commerce, and embracing Trade:  
 A floating Forest on her Bosom rides,  
 The daily Tribute of her swelling Tides;  
 Exulting Plenty warms her vig'rous Veins;  
 And Health and Peace are hers; --- for *Stanhope* reigns.

There, eastward shines, fair Emblem of his Pow'r,  
 Aloft, rever'd, great \* *Atticus* his Bow'r;  
 Tho' high in Place, yet easy to ascend,  
 Whose Shades give Shelter, and whose Courts defend;  
 Sublime Retreat! where Wisdom finds Repose,  
 To weigh the Widows Wrongs, and Orphans Woes;

Where

† *Dublin.*

\* *Lord Chancellor.*

Where easy Grandeur from the World withdraws ;  
And Goodness tempers Lenity with Laws.

Yon distant † Groves : warm Gratitude compels  
To sing the Shades where letter'd *Lelius* dwells ;  
To Justice dear, to Mercy still inclin'd,  
Esteem'd by Virtue, lov'd by all Mankind :  
Whose Soul is Equity, whose Voice is Law,  
Whose Words give Rapture, and whose Presence Awe ;  
Whose Judgment triumphs in the fairest Light,  
And shines distinguish'd in a Nation's Sight ;  
Whose Wit enlivens ev'ry social Scene,  
The best accomplish'd, and the most humane :  
Forgive me, *Lelius*, that I once offend  
My Patron, Guide, and let me add, my Friend.

From hence, my Muse, thy roving Eyes reclaim,  
Contract thy Subject, and pursue thy Theme.  
To yonder stately Pile direct thy Flight,  
Whose Form looks lovely, and whose Parts delight ;

† *Mr. Baron Mountney.*

Whose



Whose rich Embellishments true Taste display,  
 So dress'd *Sophronia* in her youthful Day,  
 When like the golden Flow'r in Summer's Pride,  
 She shone, her Sister blooming at her Side;  
 'Till from the Crowd she pensive fled, to mourn  
 Her lov'd *Eliza* sleeping in her Urn,  
 And o'er her Tomb reclin'd, the live-long Day,  
 Forgets she e'er was fair, or e'er was gay.  
 There Pomp and Decency together reign,  
 Discreetly temper'd in the justest Mean:  
 Here Hospitality, by Prudence crown'd,  
 Deals her unerring Bounty all around.  
 In thee, *Rath-farnham*, *Eden's* Bloom revives,  
 And teeming Nature in thy Valley thrives:  
 Thy Hills, high rais'd above th' extended Plain,  
 O'erlook a Continent, command the Main,  
 Feast the stretch'd Sight with Prospects unconfin'd,  
 And open endless Pleasures to the Mind:  
 Here, high with horrid Brows o'erhang the Rocks:  
 Beneath, lie Lawns out-stretch'd, and fleecy Flocks:

The gloomy Thickets, and the op'ning Glade,  
 The Arch magnifick, and the clear Cascade,  
 Whose Chrystal Sheets in dazling Circles play,  
 Pierc'd with th' Effulgence of the Noon-tide Ray;  
 Whence vocal Streams o'er Silver Pebbles float,  
 Whilst dimpling Eddies dance to ev'ry Note.  
 How gay the Garden, how serene the Bow'r,  
 Where tranquil Thought enjoys the blissful Hour!  
 Far from the World's tumultuous empty Noise,  
 Here, virtuous Luxury herself enjoys;  
 Wak'd by soft Zephyrs, and the purpling Dawn,  
 Inhales the Breezes o'er the dewy Lawn;  
 Intent the figur'd Fountain's Form to scan,  
 Or sketch the Embrio of some nobler Plan;  
 Genius still brings each grand Idea forth,  
 And happy Judgment crowns its rising Worth.  
 Lo! Nature, here, and Art, for ever vie;  
 And Art the Mind, and Nature charms the Eye:  
 Prolifick Earth disclaims the genial Skies;  
 And Chymick Heat the absent Sun supplies,

Exotick Blossoms, Northern Blasts that shun;  
 Nor own a Parent but the Southern Sun,  
 'Midst freezing Winds enjoy a sultry Clime,  
 And flourish fruitful with a Summer's Prime;  
 Births premature adorn the smiling Glebe,  
 And Nature wonders at each Foster Babe.  
 Enchanting Scene! here *Palifer* retires;  
 Here, sacred Science all his Soul inspires;  
 The Scene with Pleasure and Surprise we scan,  
 And ev'ry Thing admire; but most the Man.

---

*To a FRIEND who had writ Verses to Mr.  
 POPE, in the Person of APOLLO, occasioned by  
 bearing that Poet abus'd.*

O H! wonder not, *Varus*, fell Cynicks should censure;  
 Who snarl by Retail, and who bark at a Venture,  
 As Beagles whose Jaws are wide open to swallow,  
 Can by one single Yelp make all the Pack follow:

Such



Such Criticks at random a Wit would devour;  
 Unhappy the Author who falls in their Pow'r:  
 At his Person or Parts they still level their Fury;  
 When *Envy* is Judge you will need a good Jury;  
 For blind to those Beauties which dazzle our Sight,  
 Whose Glitter amazes and gives such Delight;  
 Like Moles in the Dark, while they grope for a Fault,  
 They throw up the Rubbish by which they are caught;  
 So ill Nature excites a dull Dunce in descanting,  
 And Malice provokes him where Judgment is wanting;  
 As Mastiffs in Fury will bark at the Moon,  
 And Frogs from their Quagmire dare croak at the Sun;  
 Dan Pope, who was nurt'd by the Muses and Graces,  
 Whose Worth with his Years still improves and increases,  
 Above their short Reach while o'er *Pindus'* high Head,  
 His Name in wide Circles immortal shall spread;  
 Yet him, the great Monarch of Genius and Wit,  
 A Bantling of *Dennis* endeavour'd to hit;  
 And labour'd to spatter just like his dull Sire,  
 What Asses will envy and Mankind admire.

So Madmen, when frantick, throw Dirt at the Skies,  
 Tho' the Filth in descending still falls in their Eyes,  
 'Tis surely amazing such Fools should pursue  
 A Poet defended by *Phæbus* and you :  
 Defended by *Phæbus* who lends him his Lyre,  
 And brightens his Genius with all his own Fire ;  
 Delighting to visit the Bard in his Way,  
 To smile over *Twickenham* with Pleasure each Day,  
 To dart down Effulgence, and from his high Noon  
 To gild the green Laurels, and shine on his Son :  
 While you in the Bower imbibing his Blaze,  
 Inspir'd by your Friendship and destin'd to please,  
 Resolving your eminent Leader to follow,  
 You list'd for *Pope*, and you writ with *Apollo*,  
 Thus they by Alliance are bound to sustain  
 Your affable Talent and humorous Vein ;  
 When impudent Scribblers, who Envy inherit,  
 Presume to invade or your Person or Merit.  
 Such Creatures whose Opticks with Film are o'erspread,  
 Can only perceive what is gloomy and sad ;

As Owls at high Noon-tide avoid the clear Ray,  
 And choose the brown Horror to seek for their Prey :  
 Or as Ideots, to form a Distinction unable,  
 Would trample on Corals in search of a Pebble.

---

To THOMAS ADDERLY, *Esq;*

THE Muse abash'd thy leisure Hour attends,  
 To thee dismay'd her thankful Tribute sends,  
 So long by tim'rous Diffidence delay'd,  
 And now, tho' late, (alas !) thus poorly paid.  
 Yet still presuming humbly to appear  
 With grateful Wishes, and with Soul sincere,  
 She bids thee Welcome from the Waves and Wind,  
 Nor sings unmindful of thy Care behind ;  
 From whom, with weeping Eyes, compell'd to part,  
 Slowly you turn'd, and brought but half your Heart :  
 Th' illustrious † Youth with Justice claims the rest,  
 Since all thy Image fills his filial Breast.

E 3

Him

† *The Right Hon. Lord Visct. Charlemount, now on his Travels.*



Him shall thy Precepts shield on ev'ry side,  
 Through ev'ry changing Clime his Guard and Guide;  
 Safely you send him with Ideas fraught,  
 Impress'd by Science, and by Wisdom taught:  
 Of Rank tho' conscious, and to Pow'r ally'd,  
 Yet bearing Titles with becoming Pride:  
 Whose Mind Religion's genuine Beauty warms;  
 Whom manly Piety, whom Reason charms;  
 Accomplish'd thus to stretch his early Ken,  
 And steer with Safety through the Ways of Men,  
 Secure he launches on the dang'rous Tide,  
 And shuns the Shelves and Rocks on either Side;  
 Caught by no Syren's soft bewitching Mien;  
 In Calms still cautious, and in Storms serene;  
 Through Life's all-varying Course sedately steers,  
 His Pilot, Prudence, still improv'd by Years.  
 With Transport shalt thou view the home-bound Sail  
 Gliding triumphant in the prosp'rous Gale,

Nor

Nor more by anxious tender Fears dismay'd,  
 Thy gen'rous Toils shall all be well repaid.  
 How few, like him, by wise Instruction aw'd,  
 At Home his Country's Pride, her Boast abroad !  
 Like him, how few make Learning's Heights their Aim,  
 And climb, and pant to grasp at virtuous Fame!  
 Go then, bless'd Youth! expand thy curious Mind,  
 Go, and remark the Wiles of Humankind;  
 How Custom sways, how Pow'r supports Applause,  
 How slavish Yokes are sanctify'd by Laws;  
 Where Nature charms, the Tyrant's Frown annoys;  
 And Priestly Pride the Heavenly Smile destroys.  
 If blooming *Italy* enchants thine Eye,  
 It's flow'ry Summits, and its Chrystal Sky,  
 With Pity view those Slaves whom Rigours goad,  
 Who groan and toil beneath the galling Load.  
 When Freedom's fled, what Joy to Man remains,  
 Who'd wish to drag in Paradise his Chains ?

See ancient *Rome*, where Earth's grand Tyrants sway'd,  
 Now Time's sad Prey, in Heaps of Ruin laid :  
 Recording Stone in dumb Confusion lies,  
 Whilst *Virgil's* deathless Song his Stroke defies.  
 Bright in the Lyrick Bard's immortal Page  
*Mecenas* shines through ev'ry distant Age,  
 Through ev'ry Clime, in ev'ry Language known,  
 The Patron's Fame has with the Poet's flown.  
 How glows thy Breast to equal ev'ry Deed,  
 How kindles at his Glories as you read !

Oh ! could my Muse insure her short-liv'd Song,  
 Like *Horace* sprightly, and like *Virgil* strong,  
 To Time's last Stage my envy'd Name should shine,  
 And bloom, immortal, by recording thine.

VERSES



VERSES *inscrib'd to the Rev. Dr. DELANY.*

**A** Youth whom Folly long had led aside,  
 Was bless'd with Reason, but o'er-run with Pride:  
 His Mind with Judgment and with Sense was fraught;  
 Piercing his Wit, sagacious was his Thought;  
 By Nature fitted to discern aright,  
 Whilst Science sharpen'd and improv'd his Sight:  
 But lost to Virtue in his early Way,  
 He walk'd the Path which led him wide astray:  
 An ill Example his strong Passion sways,  
 The foul Infection on his Morals preys:  
 Religion mock'd he daily hears and sees,  
 Endures it first, then likes it by Degrees;  
 Till with the potent Poison all o'erspread,  
 His Conscience slumbers, and his Fears are fled.  
 Now plung'd in Vice, he feels no Pang within,  
 But sports with Death, and basks secure in Sin:

With

With horrid Blasphemies is nightly pleas'd ;  
 A dying Saviour, and a God appeas'd,  
 Are Subjects made for shocking Ridicule,  
 When Wit runs wanton in the mad Mis-rule ;  
 Religion fled, had left no feeble Trace ;  
 Nor in his Heart remain'd one Mark of Grace.  
 Perverse, forlorn, O Death, he's wholly thine,  
 A rip'ning Victim to the Wrath Divine ;  
 The angry Bolt in Heaven's right Hand grows red,  
 And aims Destruction at his guilty Head,  
 When gracious Providence with Smile serene,  
 Bade melting Mercy gently step between.  
 Some Angel guides him with celestial Care,  
 And leads him, heedless, to the House of Pray'r,  
 Where haply *Paulus*, in fair Truth's Defence,  
 (His Armour, Reason ; and his Weapon, Sense)  
 Awful arose, and with persuasive Art,  
 Displays the Preacher's, and th' Apostle's Part ;  
 Destin'd the harden'd Sinner to subdue ;  
 His Words resistless, as his Cause was true.

The list'ning Youth with conscious Tremblings heard,  
 The mighty Truths his powerful Tongue declar'd,  
 Alternate Changes in his Face arise,  
 The Crimson Blush in sudden Paleness dies;  
 He stands amaz'd, his Eyes with Horror roll,  
 Conviction flashes on his inmost Soul,  
 Now Hope and Fear are in his Heart at Strife,  
 Eternal Torments, and eternal Life;  
 Ideas, fearful, in his Mind renew,  
 And open, dreadful, to his anxious View;  
 His frozen Heart to Faith's warm Beam gives Way,  
 Like Snow dissolving in the Noon-tide Ray,  
 And from his Eyes repentant Drops distil:  
 Like hallow'd Dew on *Hermon's* sacred Hill;  
 Virtue and Truth resume their native Place,  
 And Vice and Error now resign to Grace;  
 Convinc'd, subdu'd, the yielding Convert stands,  
 And lifts on high his supplicating Hands:  
 The humbl'd Penitent low bends to God,  
 And thanks the Hand which held the healing Rod:



This straying Lamb, whom Error long misled,  
 Now, sacred Shepherd, in thy Fold is fed :  
 Restor'd to taste, with thy well-tended few,  
 The living Fountain and the fragrant Dew.  
 A greater Triumph in his Change is won,  
 Than *Julius* earn'd, or *Philip's* haughty Son :  
 Not *Indian* Treasures yield so bright a Crown ;  
 Not conquer'd Worlds can claim such true Renown.  
 Go on, admir'd, thy heavenly Power employ,  
 Give Sinners Comfort, and give Angels Joy :  
 Be still ambitious of such glorious Fame,  
 And add new Trophies to thy Rev'rend Name.

*An ESSAY on the WEAKNESS of HUMAN  
KNOWLEDGE, and the Uncertainty of mortal  
Life.*

**O**F Truths involv'd we vainly boast to know,  
Or Secrets sunk in Nature's Womb too low;  
Where our short Sight affords a feeble Gleam,  
Like flitting Visions in some wand'ring Dream.  
There, wrapt in Mazes of Uncertainty,  
Suspending Reason doubts her own Decree,  
Discerns her Weakness, must her Search confine,  
Too dim her Opticks, and too short her Line  
To fathom Depths that in thick Darkness lie,  
And sink impervious to the mental Eye.

A Thousand Things correct our wanton Pride,  
And Doubts on Doubts arise on ev'ry Side:  
What are the universal Fabrick's Laws?  
Or if Attraction be th' immediate Cause,

That

That knits the Springs of the revolving Sphere,  
 Excites its Movements, makes its Parts cohere,  
 Through yonder Arch a trackless Space explore,  
 Or mark the Waves on this resounding Shore,  
 What guides the Stars in their stupendous Course,  
 Through complex Motion, and contending Force ?  
 How ebbing Seas from shelving Shores subside ?  
 Or circling *Cynthia* swells the foaming Tide ?  
 What Doors pour forth the furious *Northern* Blast,  
 Or bitter Breezes from the chilling *East* ?  
 Whence sudden Tempests toss the boist'rous Deep,  
 Or Storms are hush'd, and on its Surface sleep ?  
 How rending Earthquakes make the Mountains rock,  
 And shrinking Nature feels the dreadful Shock ?  
 Of Gravity the latent Cause reveal ;  
 Why mounts the Smoke, or sinks the show'ry Hail ?  
 How flows the Vein in yonder rocky Rill,  
 Or flash the Sparkles from the stubborn Steel ?

What



What Instinct moves the parsimon'ous Ant,  
 Or dictates to th' unwieldy Elephant ?  
 How Mind and Matter strike such Harmony ?  
 And Will and Motion in one Form agree ?  
 Whence dawn Ideas ? Whence Perception's Ray ?  
 Whence gleams the Soul with intellectual Day ?  
 Th' internal Effence of one Atom show :  
 Then boast of Science, and how much you know.

Here glimm'ring Reason lights our dubious Way,  
 This Twilight State forbids a brighter Day :  
 Through Nature's Mist, lo ! Truth appears from far,  
 To few a fix'd, to more a wand'ring Star :  
 Their Pole indeed who sail by Wisdom's Shore,  
 But lost to those who distant Depths explore,  
 Whose Rays illusive oft our Sight misguide,  
 And lessen here what there they magnify'd.  
 Our Judgments vary, as our Passions bend,  
 Caprice the *Motive*, and Self-love the *End*.  
 Opinion's tinctur'd with Complexion's Stains,  
 The mottley Issue of discordant Brains,

When

When form'd by Fancy in Affection's Dress,  
 Their diff'ring Sires in diff'rent Shapes express.  
 From hence the fierce Polemick Hydra came,  
 From hence this System, and that Sect took Name :  
 Hence *Epicurus* made his Atoms dance,  
 And hence *Descartes* thy Physical Romance.  
 From hence Religion felt the wild Extremes,  
 The Bigot Fury, and Enthusiast's Dreams.  
 By dim Conjectures we indulge our Pride ;  
 Such doubtful Knowledge is a dang'rous Guide :  
 The winking Glimmer will our Hopes deceive,  
 Like dying Lamps in some perplexing Cave :  
 It lights us in while we with Wonder gaze,  
 But soon extinguish'd in the gloomy Maze,  
 Bewilder'd where the Lamp no more can burn,  
 We lose our Labour, and too late return.

Our prying Eyes would pierce all Nature's Store,  
 Unlock her Secrets, turn her Treasures o'er :  
 Yet far within she shuns the searching Ray ;  
 Her mighty Master keeps the mystick Key,

A nearer

A nearer View's deny'd to mortal Sight ;  
*Newton's* transcendent Day must bound in Night.

Well did eternal Providence ordain,  
 In Life's short View to make the Prospect plain,  
 Where Man may answer Nature's wholesome Call,  
 Enjoy himself, and seek the Good of All :  
 Where known Effects result from stated Laws,  
 And loud proclaim the one Eternal Cause ;  
 The Source from whence the vast Creation flows ;  
 The Mind from which ten thousand Systems rose.

For these wise Ends our Faculties were made ;  
 And God we see through all his Works display'd.  
 Beyond this Limit Man may spare his Pains,  
 Nor waste the Vigour of his lab'ring Brains,  
 In quest of Truths remote from human Sight,  
 Which 'scape our Ken, and mock'd the *Stagyrite*.  
 The smallest Worm insults the Sage's Hand ;  
 All *Gresham's* vanquish'd by a Grain of Sand.  
 The stinted Lot, allow'd to Human Race,  
 The narrow Bounds of our contracted Space,



Can scarce our Minds with useful Thoughts supply ;  
 Like After-fruits, we just appear and die.  
 Vain Searches here our Levity proclaim ;  
 By Tempests tofs'd, who takes a steady Aim ?  
 When Waves are dashing round the driven Bark,  
 The Pilot's Danger mocks his nice Remark.  
 Who would improve that knows no Term to come,  
 Or purchase Diamonds to adorn a Tomb ?

By poor Endeavours we solicit Praise,  
 An empty Idol, which to Pride we raise;  
 A frail Defence to shield our Names from Death,  
 A fulsome Vapour made of vulgar Breath.  
 'Tis Virtue lengthens out our mortal Span,  
 Immortal Fame shall crown the virtuous Man.  
 Religion's Eye can soften human Fate,  
 Whilst Hope, from far, beholds a better State.  
 If long, or short, it matters not our Stay ;  
 While Reason smoothes, and Peace prepares the Way :  
 This irksome Desert must be travell'd through,  
 Ere *Pisgab's* Top, or *Canaan's* Vales we view.

Men

Men glide, like Bubbles, on the Stream of Time;  
 Burst as they swell, and vanish in their Prime :  
 Or floating down the universal Tide,  
 Encount'ring join, and in the Shock subside.

Since God and Nature some wise Purpose plan  
 In all this lower World, but most in Man ;  
 A Creature fram'd at such a vast Expence,  
 Enrich'd with Reason, and adorn'd with Sense ;  
 Why would its Maker's Hand so close confine  
 To clogging Clay this Particle Divine ;  
 Which outward Casualties can still annoy,  
 And whose own Motion must itself destroy ;  
 When full-blown Faculties his Genius crown,  
 Lo ! Death assails, and lops the Pigmy down :  
 Why all this Labour on a Thing that must  
 As soon as finish'd, fall again to Dust ?  
 Thus reasons Man, whose Reas'nings oft are vain,  
 And sees so little of th' eternal Chain,  
 From whence contingent Destinies impend,  
 A Scale of Causes that in God must end,

The mystick Mazes of his own Decree,  
 In Wonders wrapt which He alone can see.  
 Yet Man, vile Reptile ! with Presumption pry's  
 Where trembling Angels veil their wond'ring Eyes.  
 Imperious Emmet ! know thy native Dust,  
 Thyself mistaken, and thy Maker just :  
 Who gives thee Rudiments of Knowledge here,  
 Then lifts thee upwards to a nobler Sphere ;  
 Above the Stars to take thy high Degree,  
 And brighten on to all Eternity :  
 Where Truth, still shining in unclouded Day,  
 Shall all her Radiance on thy Soul display.  
 Forbear, vain Man ! to murmur at thy Fate,  
 Nor mourn thy Passage to a better State.  
 Tho' Nature binds thee to this sordid Spot,  
 Break from her Bands, and seek a happier Lot :  
 To God alone let thy Affections tend,  
 Thy proper Center, and thy final End,  
 Who out of nothing made the World and thee,  
 His Wisdom form'd, and Goodness bid it be.

Eternal



Eternal Wisdom, whilst yet all was Night,  
 Call'd forth from Chaos his first Creature, Light,  
 And spread its Splendor o'er the wide Expanse,  
 Where Orbs unnumber'd move in mystick Dance.  
 Then smil'd Omnipotence his Works to see ;  
 He smil'd in Light, and bid that Lamp still be :  
 Now blaz'd the Sun in his bright Orb above ;  
 The Morning Stars in joyful Measures move ;  
 The list'ning Angels in deep Wonder gaze ;  
 Then join'd the Hymn, and their first Work was Praise.

*To the Hon. Mrs. CONOLLY.*

**H**OW pious Worth exalted Rank endears ;  
 What lovely Grandeur Virtue lends to Years !  
 What Dignity humane, what awful Grace,  
 Dwell in that Mien, and open in that Face !  
 A Mind thus blest'd shall eye the last flow Sand,  
 When tardy Time uplifts his lenient Hand :  
 With dauntless Joy the untry'd State explore,  
 Quit Nature's Limits, and with Seraphs soar.  
 Why else would Piety her Palm display ?  
 Why else invite us to the Realms of Day ?  
 Sure Heav'n had made the Christian Task too hard,  
 If Goodness here could claim no just Reward :  
 If Faith, far-seeing, found no chearing Gleam,  
 Nor Ev'ning Hope enjoy'd the Morning Beam.  
 Lo ! dawning Glories gild this Vale of Strife,  
 And Heav'n's own Lamp illumines the Bounds of Life.

Sedate,

Sedate, from thence thy tranquil Eye now cast  
 On future Pleasures, and enjoy the past.  
 Pleasures sublime and pure, still genuine glow,  
 Which only Hearts like thine can ever know ;  
 Where ev'ry Virtue in warm League combin'd,  
 Are treasur'd up in Store for Humankind :  
 Thence flowing daily through thy gen'rous Hand,  
 Relieve all Care, and glad a grateful Land.  
 For thee, incessant, breathes the Heart-felt Pray'r,  
 The Wish unfeigned, and the Vow sincere ;  
 For thee the Widow lifts her tearless Eyes,  
 For thee the Orphan's Incense mounts the Skies :  
 The publick Voice for thee still fervent prays,  
 And begs each Blessing from thy length of Days ;  
 Long here to flourish, long thy Pow'r dispense,  
 Ere Heav'n shall call, and Angels waft thee hence.

Take then the Plaudit to thy Merit due,  
 The Crown unfading, and the Triumph true.  
 How vain the tinsel Pomp, which Monarchs claim,  
 The Blaze of Grandeur, and the Blast of Fame,



Those useless Trappings of external State !  
 'Tis Wisdom shines, 'tis Virtue makes them great :  
 Such virtuous Wisdom as adorns thy Mind  
 By Hope exalted, and by Faith refin'd.  
 With grateful Fervours must that Bosom swell,  
 Where pious Confidence, and Meekness dwell.  
 The Soul firm settled, and the Thought serene,  
 The Part well acted, and the closing Scene,  
 Appear triumphant to th' exulting Eye,  
 Ere Angels draw the Curtain of the Sky.  
 'Tis thine, the Debt of Nature thus to pay;  
 And close the Ev'ning of thy splendid Day :  
 Thine, with Applause, to quit the mortal Stage ;  
 Thy Part a Pattern for each future Age,  
 To teach Posterity the Track Divine,  
 And point th' immortal Path which once was thine.

*To the Reverend Dr. MANN, occasioned by the AUTHOR's asking him for a Subject to write on, and his saying he could think of none.*

IS ev'ry moral Subject found so trite ?  
 Has wholesome Satire nothing new to write ?  
 No Vice to lash, no Folly to expose ?  
 Shall happier Pulpits do the Work in Prose ?  
 Shall they reclaim the erring Sons of Men ?  
 And Preachers Tongues supplant the Poet's Pen ?  
 Shall distant Fears reform flagitious Times ?  
 Nor present Shame give Sanction to my Rhimes ?  
 How much would Breeding and Politeness fail,  
 Should Wits be frighted at a formal Tale !  
 Clear Truths, in such a Garb, would give Offence ;  
 What ! think to scar with Bugbears Men of Sense !  
 Thank Heaven ! they bid these Monkish Dreams good  
 The Clouds are gone, and all again looks bright. [Night.

Such Sentiments there are, such Humours spread  
 Their noxious Poison through the Heart and Head ;

What

What learned Cure can Doctors here advise,  
 Since Fools extol what wiser Knaves despise ?  
 An odd Experiment for once be try'd,  
 Inlist a Poet on Religion's Side.  
 Let Verse with all her youthful Train appear,  
 And Wit to Virtue serve a Volunteer,  
 At her own Weapons foil the dext'rous Foe,  
 And shoot down Folly with her fav'rite Bow.  
 Deck'd in bright Arms, let Reason gaily tread,  
 First win the Fancy, then surprize the Head ;  
 Since Truth must, like a pelted Pillar, stand  
 The Butt and Aim of each fantastick Hand,  
 That sacred Pile, whose Rock eternal bears  
 The Rage of hostile Storms, and sapping Years.  
 In vain the Floods assault its stedfast Base ;  
 In vain would Hell its heav'nly Form deface.  
 Tho' eighteen rolling Ages loud proclaim  
 Its Strength unshaken, and its Height the same ;  
 Tho' half the Kings who rule this pendent Ball,  
 Bow down their Scepters, and before it fall :

Against



Against it Knaves their impious Force will try,  
And mimick Fools their feeble Bolts let fly.

Say then, my Friend! from whence this Humour springs,  
This bloated Vice, this angry Form of Things,  
Whose inbred Venom stirs such tumid Rage;  
The Bane and Brand of this licentious Age?  
Shall not the Muse the hidden Cause disclose,  
Probe the proud Part, the putrid Plague expose?  
Regardless she, who feels the pungent Smart;  
The Head misguided, or the high-blown Heart;  
If Priest or People most in Fault she finds,  
If Pride oppresses, or if Envy blinds,  
To both alike impartial, she proceeds,  
And forms her Estimate of Men by Deeds.

Say first, Why rolls the Force of Fashion's Tide  
So smoothly swift against Religion's Side,  
Whilst down its Stream the Men of Power throng,  
The Men of Pleasure, and the Men of Song?

Drawn

Drawn by the artful \* Peer's seducing Lore,  
 Join the gay Crowd, and seek th' enchanting Shore :  
 There the abandon'd, headlong, and prophane,  
 With Pride prefs forwards, and of Priests complain.

Bright as the Beams that from the Ocean rise,  
 When radiant Rays adorn the Eastern Skies ;  
 Fair as the Effence of Etherial Light,  
 Dawning o'er Chaos, and coeval Night ;  
 Pure as the Gale that from *Arabia* blows,  
 Than Lillies whiter, or than falling Snows,  
 Religion shone, when first the Heaven-born Maid  
 With Virgin Truth and Purity array'd,  
 Sublimely meek disclos'd her Angel Face,  
 Beaming celestial Smiles and shedding Grace.  
 Her suff'ring Sons the scourging Rod sustain ;  
 Their Province, Patience, and their Portion, Pain.  
 No Pomp they seek, no pageant Pow'r they need,  
 Ambitious only for her Sake to bleed.

In

\* *Lord Shaftsbury.*

In Meekness rob'd, thus humble was her State ;

“ She knew no Wish so mean, as to be great.”

On Heav'n alone she fix'd her stedfast Eye,

Her Master's Kingdom was beyond the Sky.

She sought not Wealth, unanxious of her Store ;

For his Example taught her to be poor.

Thus in her blooming Years oppress'd, she grew,

By Patience arm'd, the Mighty to subdue.

How mild her Mien, how winning then her Ways,

How diff'rent from her Looks in later Days !

The Muse would spare what fullen Truth may blame,  
Nor dwells delighted on so harsh a Theme.

Truth, like the genial Sun will still abide,

Tho' Vapours veil it, and the Clouds may hide.

Could prying Malice, or could Envy see

Religion leaning, in the least Degree,

To fetter Freedom, or bright Reason blind,

Or throw a tangling Snare on Humankind :

Could one Ingredient in that pure Compound

To Parts pernicious, or the Whole, be found ;

The



The Fool of Wit, with some Pretence, might flee,  
The Coxcomb rally, and the Pedant sneer.

Smart *Virro* frankly owns it makes him grieve,  
To see the floating Robe and swelling Sleeve :  
The Chin high bolster'd, and the florid Face,  
Are mighty Marks of Wisdom, and of Grace :  
Pert in the wrong, and seldom right in Season ;  
Too much in Haste to hear or offer Reason,  
At Creeds he mocks ; how loud the Laughing Fit !  
How willing to be damn'd, to shew his Wit !  
*Sporus*, forsooth ! allows some pious Cheats,  
But then, such clumsy Bugbears, gross Deceits,  
Such Monkish Phantoms, make the Juggle clear,  
To Men of Sense the Thing will still appear ;  
Such Arts, indeed, may Vulgar Minds restrain,  
And graver Fools who like, may hug the Chain,  
To talk of Fasting, Purity, and Grace,  
With all that Sanctity, and Form of Face,  
Which pamper'd Priests o'er Velvet Cushions wear,  
Would make a Hermit smile, a Stoick stare.

When

When they aloft hold forth the Cake and Rod,  
 And point to Paths, which *Paul* and *Peter* trod,  
 To narrow Paths they point, and thorny Ways,  
 And those who like, may tread them, if they please.  
 Far other Objects their Affections fix,  
 In Stalls to snore, or in a Coach and six.

Meer Censure is at best a poor Pretence,  
 And Malice ill supplies the Place of Sense :  
 Reproach so keen, when vulgar found, and trite,  
 Shows less of Candour, than of partial Spight.  
 Since Pride in all, and Passions still abound,  
 Since few are Proof, and none are perfect found ;  
 To Nature's Slips be kind Allowance made,  
 And o'er her Failings cast a friendly Shade.  
 Tho' Priests, indeed, should good Examples give,  
 Yet Priests have Appetites, and Priests must live.  
 " But why such Wealth and Grandeur ? Why so great ?  
 " Like Lords attended, and like Kings they eat."  
 This more betrays the Rancour of your Will,  
 You'd have the Clergy barefoot Beggars still,

Still

Still homeless wander, through the World oppress'd,  
 Without Protection, or a Place of Rest.  
 The Wealth they have was by the State bestow'd;  
 Or rather paid them as a Debt it ow'd.  
 For Shame! no more such bitter Railings bring,  
 You Quarrel with the Men, and not the Thing.  
 O'er Vices watchful, and to Virtues blind,  
 By Nature prone to Prejudice, inclin'd  
 With sharpen'd Sight each human Spot to spy,  
 On shining Worth to shut th' indignant Eye,  
 Shall groping Pride in Error's Twilight stray,  
 While Truth directs, and Wisdom points her Way,  
 Self-wilder'd, still the glorious Lamp evade,  
 And seek with purblind Orbs the fullen Shade?  
 If Goodness charms, if Learning's Palm you prize,  
 To *Boulter* bow, to *Berkeley* lift your Eyes.  
 If publick Virtue for Esteem may call,  
 Behold his Country's Pride in mitred *Maul* †,

Diffusing

† *Lord Bishop of Meath.*



Diffusing Truth on pious Plans, to raise  
 Her present Hope, her Joy in future Days;  
 Sacred to her his upright Life he spends;  
 Her winning Charms displays, her Cause defends.

Thee, rev'rend Patriot! thee the Muse should sing,  
 And rise, exulting, on thy *Clio's* Wing:  
 In Verse, like thine, recording Numbers raise,  
 And Deeds, unequal'd, sing with lasting Praise.  
 See Science shine, see publick Virtue bloom,  
 See Arts advance to rival *Greece* and *Rome*!  
 No more the steril Glebe shall flint the Swain,  
 See barren Mountains crown'd with golden Grain,  
 The staple Web employs th' industrious Hand,  
 For *Madden* bids, and Wealth o'erflows the Land.  
 Who dare such Worth with venom'd Tongue invade?  
 Yet these are Priests, and this their daily Trade.

Nor Prelates only shall the Muse inspire,  
 Lo! Ranks subordinate her Strains require.  
 A shining Throng, whom raging Vice must spare,  
 Mild Virtue honour, and calm Sense revere;

Exalted Minds, that would Perfection reach,  
 Still living Lessons of the Truths they teach,  
 Whose Practice proves the Precept pure display'd,  
 Whose Words illustrate, and whose Lives persuade,  
 Whose blameless Breasts th' invidious World might scan  
 From Vice as distant, as thy Mind, O *Mam* !  
 Where Meekness, thron'd, her pious Scepter sways,  
 And Virtue's Pow'r commands these feeble Lays,  
 Long, long esteem'd with thy lov'd *Lelius* shine,  
 And give me leave, for once, to call him mine.  
 O ! could my Verse to distant Years declare  
 The grateful Heart, the Sentiment sincere,  
 Which ill in Words, and worse in Deeds, I tell,  
 Felt only in that Bosom where they swell;  
 Then should this Strain on Time's last Period tend,  
 Worthy so bright a Guide, so good a Friend.

*To a Person of fine Parts, but whimsical Humours,  
of a cruel Nature, and bad Morals.*

**W**HY would wild Nature with her Bounty play,  
And throw such Treasures of her Charms away,  
With wasteful Hand; why lavish half her Store,  
Enriching one, while she left Thousands poor?  
Or squander Blessings on a stubborn Land,  
That ill requites the cheerful Giver's Hand?  
The surly Glebe a mingl'd Product shows;  
The hateful Hemlock, and the fragrant Rose  
Shoot up, promiscuous, in our wond'ring Sight,  
And give, at once, both Horror and Delight:  
Bright Sparks of Diamond glitter through coarse Mold,  
And vulgar Dross deforms the ductile Gold,  
Lo! Nature there, and Providence proclaim  
The strongest Contrast in the last Extream:  
Where good and bad lie mingl'd and confus'd,  
A shocking Discord in a Breast abus'd.



When calm the Clime, O how serene the while !  
 Yet Storms lie brooding in a Winter's Smile.  
 The fell *Hyena* can the Shepherd call  
 With human Voice, design'd his Prey to fall.  
 That Heav'n should thus a reas'ning Being arm  
 With seeming Virtue, and with ev'ry Charm,  
 Which Wit and Genius in their Prime bestow,  
 To gild Deceit, and give a treach'rous Blow !  
 Such fickle Blandishments too oft betray ;  
 The faint Reflection of a dying Ray ;  
 A feeble Flash, which earthy Vapours form ;  
 The Smile of Wrath ; as Lightning gilds a Storm.  
 No lasting Lustre's in its fading Mien,  
 An *ignis fatuus*, when 'tis brightest seen.  
 Could thy good Genius in the Strife prevail,  
 When Destiny held up the doubtful Scale ;  
 A finish'd Mortal had in thee appear'd,  
 By all admired, and by all rever'd.  
 But then, alas ! some unpropitious Pow'r  
 Infus'd Malignance on thy natal Hour :

For when thy Soul did *Love's* own Hand employ,  
 It dash'd thy Essence with some curst Alloy,  
 Which took th' Impression of each baleful Ill  
 In crooked Traces, and retains them still.  
 Thy injur'd Virtues in some weak Essays,  
 Like tender Blades, their blooming Heads would raise :  
 But soon the stronger Cockle choaks the Grain,  
 And stiff'd Goodness lifts itself in vain.  
 A Fancy flowing, an Expression fit,  
 Invention blest'd in ev'ry Charm of Wit ;  
 With Humour envy'd for its Turn of Ease,  
 And Talents happy in the Art to please :  
 All these you have by Fate's uncommon Grant ;  
 Yet solid Excellence, alas ! you want.  
 Fair Justice, Chastity, from you are thrust,  
 Drove out by Cruelty, Revenge, and Lust :  
 While proud Oppression, base Distrust, and Fear,  
 The Coward's Bugbear, and the Tyrant's Snare,  
 Contend, alternate, in your stormy Breast,  
 And rob your Tempest-beaten Soul of Rest ;

Huge Midnight Horrors by dark Vapours wrought  
 Hang o'er your Slumbers, and torment your Thought;  
 Confus'd Ideas in your Fancy roll,  
 The jumbling Chaos of a Brain-sick Soul.  
 'Tis this wild Medium shews you wrong, and right,  
 A Friend at Noon becomes your Foe at Night.  
 Those little Slips where Nature's Self must halt,  
 A Mole-hill Trip you make a Mountain Fault;  
 Deluded by a dark distemper'd Mind,  
 You form an Estimate of all Mankind:  
 Each frightful Phantom, which you there desery,  
 You dread in all Men, and to all apply:  
 The monstrous Shadows in your Mind still roam;  
 You judge abroad from what you find at home:  
 Your Friendship flashes like an April Sun,  
 A Moment's Glimmer, in a Moment gone.  
 Strange Groupes of Whimsies your wild Fancy frames,  
 Like Bedlam Pictures, or a Sick Man's Dreams.  
 A Weather-Cock, obedient to each Gale;  
 One single Blast can turn your Head and Tail.  
 You're



You're fix'd, indeed, in Malice and Disgust;  
 So stands your lofty Emblem, held by Rust.  
 Of Friends another Moon may leave you none,  
 When, like a Tyger, you may range alone.  
 What social Breast with such Extreams can join  
 A savage Nature in a Soul Divine  
 Such distant Qualities, so strange, and odd,  
 In Frowns a Monster, and in Smiles a God.  
 Why should such Blessings mingle with a Curse?  
 Why not all excellent; or why not worse?

---

*To a young LADY in her Grotto.*

**T**HY Genius here in early Bloom appears;  
 A hopeful Promise of thy riper Years.  
 If now thy Dawn of Thought such Light displays,  
 How strong the Lustre of thy Noon-tide Blaze?  
 The Morning Star thus, with a milder Ray,  
 Doth gently glimmer at the Gates of Day.

Unnumber'd Beauties in thy Grotto shine;  
 And Judgment triumphs in the fair Design;  
 The charming Incidents so aptly fall,  
 They look like Art, yet Nature shines through all.  
 Here mossy Mounds impending seem to swell;  
 That from their Veins effuse the gushing Rill;  
 The Rill o'er spangling Pebbles seems to glide,  
 With Shells of Amber glitt'ring at its Side,  
 That mid the Gloom reflect a Silver Ray,  
 As Planets twinkle in the Dusk of Day.

Angels' Ideas in thy Mind arose,

And whisp'ring Graces taught thee to dispose.

Nature's bright Mirrour in thy Bosom shone,

And she, with Blushes, saw herself outdone:

To you, profuse, she lavish'd all her Store  
 Of Matter freely, but of Fancy more.

Not all the Gems, which *Indian* Mines prepare,

Can with that Ruby in thy Soul compare:

Its bright'ning Blaze like *Aaron's* Breast shall shine,

Alike refulgent, and alike divine.

Delightful

Delightful Earnest of my future Lays,  
 Which wake my Wonder and excel my Praise.  
 O could my Verse with equal Fervour flow!  
 My Bays immortal, mix'd with thine, should grow.  
 Beneath th' Indulgence of a Mother's Eyes,  
 Thy fruitful Genius early learn'd to rise;  
 The happy Influence on so rich a Soil  
 An Harvest yields, that crowns her tender Toil.  
 So where the Eastern Sun its Beams bestows,  
 The Brilliant brightens, and the Lilly glows.

---

*A PROLOGUE for the Benefit of Old*  
*HUSBANDS the Player.*

**W**HAT various Forms must moral Wisdom wear,  
 To banish Vice, and Virtue's Charms endear!!  
 When Precept fails, Example's Power she tries,  
 And decks forth Truth in Fiction's gay Disguise;  
 Through Fancy's Maze she leads, with honest Art,  
 The Head misguided, and th' unsocial Heart.

For



For this the Stage has long illustrious been,  
 When Genius rais'd, and Judgment prun'd the Scene,  
 When letter'd Decency and Sense unite,  
 Wisdom adorns, and Virtue crowns Delight.  
 Such well-plan'd Theatres should ever bloom,  
 Esteem'd and honour'd, as at Greece and Rome.

This Night, ye Fair! your generous Bounty cheers  
 Merit decay'd, and Worth oppress'd by Years.  
 Such Merit, and such conscious Worth may claim  
 The Soul-felt Plaudit of unspotted Fame.  
 Amidst Corruption's Streams untain'd he stood,  
 Nor swam down Custom's foul defiling Flood.  
 Such *Husbands* was : for more than half an Age  
 The moral Guide, now Father of the Stage :  
 Dismiss'd by Time from ev'ry Scene of Strife,  
 He views that Curtain fall, which closes Life:  
 Fearless he views it with exulting Face,  
 Whilst your bright Prefence shall his Exit grace.

*On the KING's Birth-day,**Writ in the Year 1744.*

**A**uspicious Morn, thy joyful Beams display,  
 And glad the Nations with this glorious Day;  
 This Day, which deep in Time's mysterious Womb,  
 By Fate was promis'd to an Age to come.  
 When Heav'n's Supream the Embryon Years survey'd,  
 And future Kingdoms in the Balance weigh'd,  
 The Globe sustaining in his pow'ful Hand,  
 Which rolls ~~obedient~~ to his great Command,  
*Britain* divided from the World he saw,  
 The Nurse of Liberty, and Land of Law:  
*Britain* his own Almighty *far* plac'd  
 In Ocean's Arms by circling Waves embrac'd,  
 Her Native Fence; from Foreign Foes secur'd,  
 By swelling Seas and rising Rocks immur'd,  
 Her liquid Wall, whose floating Tow'rs shall ride,  
 All *Europe's* Terror,---*Albion's* Strength and Pride.

Distinguish'd

Distinguish'd Isle ! where Truth and Freedom dwell,  
Whose Godlike Sons in Arts and Arms excell !

On thee th' indulgent Pow'r propitious smiles,  
And makes this Promise to the Queen of Isles :

When Ages hence, and Years predestin'd roll,

When radiant Science gilds the frozen Pole ;

A mighty Prince shall o'er thee mildly sway,

Whom foreign Realms are destin'd to obey ;

A promis'd Prince by my secure Decree,

On Earth my Image, and belov'd by me :

His potent Scepter shall serenely wield,

Prudent in Peace, and dreadful in the Field ;

Religion's Friend, for Virtue's Shield design'd,

To none a Foe, but Foes of Humankind ;

The Tyrant's Terror, aiding the Distress'd,

Europe's Support, by rescu'd Nations blest'd ;

At Home the Bulwark of his People's Laws,

Abroad protecting ev'ry injur'd Cause.

Envy and Fraud shall in his Time decay,

And George and Justice willing Nations sway.

Behold



Behold the promis'd Prince we joyful own,  
By Fate ordain'd to fill *Britannia's* Throne.

His Regal Hand her Scepter's Weight sustains,  
The Monarch's come---imperial *Brunswick* reigns.

Ye Angels bright ! on heav'nly Errands sent  
To guard his Throne, and shield his awful Tent,  
Around his sacred Person spread your Wings,  
Preserve his Kingdoms in the best of Kings ;  
Drive hence Rebellion to Hell's Shades away,  
Make hateful Factions at his Frown decay,  
Let lasting Concord through *Britannia* smile,  
And the World's Wealth o'erflow the happy Isle !  
Grant it, ye Pow'rs ! who human Ways direct,  
Who govern Kingdoms, and who Kings protect :  
But chiefly thou ! whom *Britain's* Monarch claims,  
To smooth his Slumbers, and inspire his Dreams !  
Around his Couch on downy Wings preside,  
By Day his Guardian, and by Night his Guide ;  
As late at *Dettingen*, so still thy Care,  
Behold In Peace his Minister, his Shield in War !

*To the Reverend Dr. MANN, occasioned by the  
Death of the Rev. Mr. HOLT, Senior  
Fellow of T. C. D.*

**E**Nough of Tears! thy gen'rous Grief suspend,  
Cease to deplore thy dear departed Friend:  
Let melting Nature Reason's Voice obey,  
Nor bathe with fruitless Show'rs his sacred Clay.  
In vain, alas! thy gushing Eyes o'erflow;  
Vain are those Sighs, that unaffected Woe  
For him, devoted by untimely Doom  
To sleep long Ages in the silent Tomb.  
From him the weeping World may learn to know,  
No Worth prevents, no Wisdom wards the Blow,  
The certain Blow from Death's uplifted Dart,  
Whose Point, relentless, strikes the purest Heart:  
No Science shields, no Piety can save  
The destin'd Victim from th' insatiate Grave.  
There Youth, Age, Folly, Wisdom, Weakness, Pow'r,  
Fall undistinguish'd in one fatal Hour.

Whence

Whence springs this Chance beyond all mortal Ken,  
 This seeming Chance which rules the Fates of Men,  
 Thou best canst tell : Why lengthen'd out to Woe  
 The Wretched loiter, and the Happy go.  
 But shall proud Man, inquisitive, arraign  
 The Ways of Providence with Thoughts profane !  
 Shall he seek Truths to human Search deny'd,  
 And, impious, draw the mysttick Veil aside !

The dim-ey'd Knowledge to his Soul consign'd  
 Puzzles his Judgment, and involves his Mind.  
 In Doubts perplex'd, unconscious of her Way ;  
 A dismal Twilight, and uncertain Day  
 Appears weak Nature's Gleam, by Sense discry'd ;  
 Which shines illusive in the Lamp of Pride.  
 Religion's Beam can make this Gloom all bright,  
 Clear up Conjectures, and dispel the Night.  
 From her pure Fountain Truths eternal flow ;  
 From her the Hope of Bliss, the Balm of Woe ;  
 Grief, at her Shrine, lays her sad Burthen down,  
 And views with upcast Eyes the promis'd Crown.

This.



This Solace waits his Sire, this Lamp his Guide,  
 Robb'd of his Age's Prop, his Country's Pride:  
 This firm Support, this faithful Staff shall stay  
 His Soul's sad Weight down Life's steep rugged Way:  
 The Christian Cordial giv'n him to sustain  
 The Thought-felt Anguish, and the Pangs of Pain.  
 O, let him, leaning on thy Friendship, bear  
 This Load oppressive, and this Lot severe!  
 Friendship like thine springs from a faithful Heart:  
 You share his Sorrows, and you feel his Smart.

---

*On seeing Mr. BARRY in the Character of Hamlet.*

**H**OW Grief's sad Garb the Wearer's Worth endears,  
 When whelming Woe with decent Pomp appears;  
 When Strength of Mind superior to Redress,  
 Stems the big Torrent of supream Distress,  
 Enjoys the Soul-felt Throb, th' extatick Dart,  
 And all the pungent Pangs which pierce the Heart!

Brccoding

Brooding in secret on his Hopes o'erthrown,  
 There to himself makes all his manly Moan :  
 Scorning to whine out Grief in technick Strains,  
 He fobs with Dignity, with Sense complains.  
 Thus *Hamlet* mourns, and thus his Sorrow shines  
 In *Barry's* Action, and in *Shakespeare's* Lines :  
 His pleasing Form gives ev'n to Anguish Grace,  
 And Grief sits lovely on his suffering Face.

But see ! his Father's warlike Shade stalks near :  
 What quick-rai'd Passions in his Soul appear !  
 In Horror fix'd, as Thunder-struck, he stands  
 With starting Eye-balls, and with out-stretch'd Hands,  
 Ten thousand Tumults struggling in his Breast,  
 Each strong Attempt by stronger Fear suppress'd ;  
 His Reason sunk, no guiding Gleams can cheer ;  
 All is wild Anarchy and Chaos there :  
 His lab'ring Words can yet no Passage find,  
 Lost in the Floods and Whirlpools of his Mind,  
 Till by Degrees her dawning Beam she shows,  
 As first bright Order from Confusion rose :

Returning Sense resumes her wonted Sway,  
 And Courage prompts, and Judgment points the Way.  
 The horrid Silence, now resolv'd, he breaks  
 With eager Voice, and supplicating speaks.  
 Revenge provok'd has all his Mind possess'd,  
 And fell Resentment boils within his Breast,  
 His kindling Eyes with livid Lightnings roll,  
 And dart the Purpose of his stedfast Soul.  
 In Madness, ev'n in that unpractis'd Task,  
 The Part looks graceful, and adorns the Mask,  
 No fullen, dark, distemper'd Rage appears,  
 'Tis Fancy's Frolick, and her Caprice cheers.  
 Through ev'ry varying Scene great Nature warms,  
 And finish'd Art improves her pleasing Charms.



*On the Death of a favourite Nightingale.*

**T**HOU sweetest Warbler of the gladsome Spring,  
 Whose trilling Musick charm'd th' attentive Ear,  
 No more thy tuneful Throat shall joyful sing  
 An early Welcome to the Infant Year.

No more, alas! shall thy inspiring Flow

Beguile the Moments of the Midnight Hour,  
 What Time the Branches bend beneath the Snow,  
 And Birds for Safety seek the shadeless Bow'r.

Can I forget the Musick of thy Tongue,

Which spread around such high harmonious Airs,  
 When circling Measures in the Portal rung,  
 And lofty Echo fill'd the sounding Stairs.

When dappl'd *Cloe* from the Hearthstone gaz'd ;

The vanquish'd Linnet sadly silent stands ;

And little *George* himself look'd up amaz'd,

The Soop-dish shaking in his heedless Hands.

When *Dublin Molly* busy in the Bar,

With Wonder listen'd to his charming Lay,

Then bless'd her happy Fate who came so far

To hear him sweetly sing, from *Aston's Quay*.

Nor could the Poet's Tongue his Praise forbear,

Who often came to hear his Strains divine ;

And in his Cups would candidly declare,

His Notes were sweeter than the tuneful Nine.

Thus jovial danc'd the smiling Hours away,

When *Philomela* gave such true Delight ;

Good Humour chear'd the short thick-clouded Day,

And Punch and Pleasure crown'd the live-long Night.

But Fate, alas ! forbade our growing Joys ;

What human Happiness can always last ?

Relentless Fate, which ev'ry Life destroys,

At *Pbilly's* Breast his lifted Jav'lin cast.

Could no Delight his mortal Wrath assuage,

Nor Musick's Pow'r his pointed Dart withstand ?

In vain, alas ! *Clarinda* clean'd the Cage ;

In vain she fed him with her milk-white Hand.

How Gladness danc'd within his little Eyes,

Still as he saw her decent Cap and Gown,

As up the Steps she gently us'd to rise,

And in his high-hung House she took him down.

How tenderly she stroak'd his Neck and Bill,

How softly touch'd his taper Legs and Claws,

With lenient Finger sooth'd each smarting Ill,

And gently heal'd his little Hurts and Flaws.



But thou, fell Wretch, that in the open Street  
 With savage Hand our frighted Songster struck,  
 Mayst thou with screaming Screech-Owls nightly meet,  
 With boding Batts, with Bailiffs, and bad Luck.

May braying Asses, Bitterns from the Mire,  
 And croaking Ravens, haunt thee all thy Life;  
 May baleful Cats and cack'ling Hens conspire,  
 And what's more dreadful still, a scolding Wife.

*On a fine Crop of Peas being spoil'd by a Storm,*

**W**Hen Morrice views his prostrate Peas,  
 By raging Whirlwinds spread,  
 He wrings his Hands, and in amaze  
 He sadly shakes his Head.

Is this the Fruit of my fond Toil,

My Joy, my Pride, my Cheer!

Shall one tempestuous Hour thus spoil

The Labours of a Year!

Oh! what avails, that Day by Day

I nurs'd the thriving Crop,

And settl'd with my Foot the Clay,

And rear'd the social Prop!

Ambition's Pride had spur'd me on

All Gard'ners to excell;

I often call'd them one by one,

And boastingly would tell,

How I prepar'd the furrow'd Ground,

And how the Grain did sow,

Then challeng'd all the Country round

For such an early Blow.

How did their Bloom my Wishes raise !

What Hopes did they afford,

To earn my honour'd Master's Praise,

And crown his chearful Board !

Poor *Morrice*, wrapt in sad Surprize,

Demands in sober Mood,

Should Storms molest a Man so wise,

A Man so just and good ?

Ah ! *Morrice*, cease thy fruitless Moan,

Nor at Misfortunes spurn,

Misfortune's not thy Lot alone ;

Each Neighbour has his Turn.

Thy prostrate Peas, which low recline

Beneath the Frowns of Fate,

May teach much wiser Heads than thine

Their own uncertain State.



The sprightly Youth in Beauty's Prime,  
The lovely Nymph so gay,  
Oft Victims fall to early Time,  
And in their Bloom decay.

In vain th' indulgent Father's Care,  
In vain wife Precepts form :  
They droop, like Peas, in tainted Air,  
Or perish in a Storm.

---

LESBIA and her Sparrow : Or Cupid turn'd  
Fowler.

**A** little *Cupid* blith and gay  
Among the Roses flew,  
Brushing the Vi'lets in his Way,  
Impearl'd with Morning Dew,

His

His painted Wings he wanton spread,  
 To skim the daisi'd Lawn;  
 Then perching on a Lilly's Head  
 Stood smiling in the Dawn.

Young *Lesbia* now amid the Gales  
 The Breath of Morn bestows,  
 Fan'd by the Fragrance which it steals  
 From Cowslips and the Rose.

To yonder Grotto arch'd with Green  
 The lovely Nymph drew nigh;  
 The warbling Thrush enchants the Scene,  
 With Bees which humming fly.

Now plac'd within the blissful Shade,  
 Her Sparrow flutt'ring round,  
*Cupid* descries th' unguarded Maid,  
 And meditates the Wound.

His glitt'ring Bow he hasty bent,  
 Then from his Quiver drew  
 The pointed Shaft he twanging sent,  
 The Shaft which erring flew.

To pierce her Breast he speeds the Dart,  
 Yet Love himself shoots wide :  
 His Arrow enter'd *Dickey's* Heart ;  
 He on her Bosom dy'd.

Who would not envy his sweet Death,  
 And *Dickey's* Doom desire,  
 Within her Arms to yield his Breath,  
 And on her Breast expire!



*To a young LADY on her performing upon the  
Harpfichord.*

**T**HE Muse who sung thy dawning Praise,

Now welcomes thy Meridian Rays ;

The Beauties of thy early Prime

First fledg'd her Wings for Flights sublime ;

She saw thee shine like op'ning Day,

Along the Tracts of Heav'n's Highway :

The Muse, prophetick, saw thee there,

Still bright'ning in thy lucid Sphere,

Now far unequal in her Flight,

And lost in Beams of daz'ling Light,

On raptur'd Wing she hails thy Noon,

As soaring Eagles seek the Sun :

But, O ! what Numbers can she find,

To sing the Beauties of thy Mind,

Where ev'ry Virtue Heav'n bestows,

And ev'ry Grace from Heav'n that flows !

A hallow'd

A hallow'd Treasure all combine  
 Within that spotless Ark divine,  
 Which beaming forth so oft declare,  
 That God vouchsafes to visit there.  
 To deck thee with distinguish'd Love  
 He took from ev'ry Saint above  
 Ideas of the purest Kind,  
 And mixing all, compos'd thy Mind;  
 Then lodg'd it in the fairest Mold,  
 That should a Soul so rich infold,  
 A Mold with fairest Forms to vie  
 In finish'd Shape and Symmetry;  
 Harmonious to the ravish'd Sight,  
 Inspiring Joy and soft Delight,  
 Inchanting all to instant Love,  
 Who hear thy Voice, or see thee move:  
 But when the tuneful Keys you press,  
 And Musick's inmost Pow'rs express,  
 What melting Strains extatick rise;  
 How ev'ry raptur'd Hearer dies.

See Love his purple Wings expand,  
 And flutter o'er the snowy Hand;  
 From ev'ry Finger flies a Dart,  
 In e'ery Note he wounds a Heart;  
 Whilst conscious Blushes still confess  
 Your kind Concern for our Distress;  
 And yet by height'ning ev'ry Grace,  
 The Pain they would relieve, increase:  
 For as in Paintings Shadows lie  
 To raise the Picture to the Eye;  
 Thy Blushes thus but more reveal  
 The modest Worth they would conceal.

---

To CLOE.

**K**IND Nature has Cloe express'd,  
 To strike us with Joy and Surprise;  
 Each Grace in her Form is confest'd,  
 And Cupids exult in her Eyes.

Her



(111)

Her Form so erect, fair, and tall;

Such winning Attraction displays;

Her Mind, the best Beauty of all,

My Wish and Affections still raise.

The Nightingale chimes to her Voice,

The Syrens would yield to her Song;

In Echos the Vallies rejoice,

Her Musick enchants the gay Throng.

Lo! Summer has spangl'd the Vales,

And Roses their Purple disclose,

The V'lets enrich the soft Gales,

And Harmony heightens all these.

Since Beauty and Rapture agree,

To ravish both Hearing and Sight,

O come, my dear *Clare*, with me,

And crown the gay Scene with Delight.

Come

( 112 )

Come with me, my Nymph, to yon Grove,  
Where the Thrush and the Linnet resort,  
Whose Bowers invite us to Love,  
Where *Cupids* still revel and sport.

In Bliss we'll enjoy the long Day,  
To mutual Endearments resign'd,  
My Head on thy Bosom I'll lay,  
And pity the rest of Mankind.

---

*To Lord TYRAWLY, on his sending me to Lord  
CHESTERFIELD, when I durst not knock at  
the Door.*

**R** Ejoic'd, I went, of speeding sure,  
My Lord! at your Command;  
I boldly stood at STANHOPE's Door,  
And stoutly stretch'd my Hand.

The

The sounding Brass I rashly rais'd,

Resolv'd my Hopes to crown;

Some Pow'r unseen my Senses seiz'd;

I laid it silent down.

The Knocker thus I thrice upheld,

And thrice I made Essay:

For your Command my Arm impell'd,

And I would fain obey.

But Fate forbid th' intruding Sound,

Which would his Ears assail:

By Greatness aw'd and Worth renown'd,

*Hibernian* Front must fail.



*To a young Lady, lately married, who had fine  
Eyes, but a frail Character.*

**T**HE Sun from whom your Eyes you stole,  
Their Glances sure design'd  
To warm our Sex from Pole to Pole,  
And shine on all Mankind.

Now one enjoys what all desire;  
The World indeed may mourn;  
Yet he like *Phaeton* may aspire,  
And in Possession burn.

*On his Excellency the Earl of CHESTERFIELD'S  
Recovery from a dangerous Fever.*

**W**HEN boiling Blood, dire Foe to rest,  
Tumultuous roll'd in STANHOPE'S Breast,  
Thence mounting furious, foam'd on high,  
Where Reason, heav'nly Pow'r, triumphant shone,  
To dim her bright discerning Eye,  
And wrap in stormy Clouds her radiant Throne.

*Hibernia* then, by filial Fears oppress'd,  
Sought with slow pensive Steps the lonely Shore,  
Fix'd on a Rock, her anxious Head she hung,  
With Hands up-rais'd, she smote her aching Breast:  
*Britannia's* Coast her mournful Eyes explore;  
Her silent Harp neglected lay unstrung.

Impatient, she accus'd each tardy Gale,  
Which on long-ling'ring lazy Pinions flew,  
Each distant Cloud appear'd a rising Sail,  
Fraught with glad Tidings to her View.

Of STANHOPE'S Bosom freed from Pain,  
 A grateful People's Triumph to restore :  
 Then damp'd by Doubts, she sighs, and droops again,  
 Th' imagin'd Joy, alas ! appears no more.

Each publick Virtue, and each private Grace,  
 Which warm'd the Patriot's Godlike Mind,  
 His princely Wisdom, and his Love of Peace,  
 His gen'rous Care of Humankind,

Awful arise within her grateful Soul ;  
 Alternate Passions in her Bosom roll,  
 Now chearing Hopes prevail, now sad'ning Fears,  
 Now rise gay Smiles, now fall desponding Tears.

When lo ! a darting Glory, blazing wide,  
 Diffus'd Effulgence of celestial Day ;  
 The Eastern Sky with crimson Clouds was dy'd,  
 And quiv'ring Gleams gild all the wat'ry Way.

When



When on a Throne, which orient Beams up-bore,  
 Aloft *Britannia's* awful Genius smil'd;  
 Three kingly Crowns of brilliant Gems he wore,  
 And regal State compos'd his Aspect mild.

Descending slowly on his Wings outspread,  
 Now poiz'd majestick in th' etherial Space,  
 The Pow'r propitious bows his sacred Head,  
 His Words were utter'd with seraphick Grace.

Banish thy Grief, *Ierne* ! weep no more !  
*Bathonia* now her healing Stream employs,  
 Her balmy Spring shall thy lov'd Chief restore,  
 Renew his Vigour, and revive thy Joys.

From her warm Bosom's richest Veins  
 Maternal Nutriment shall flow ;  
 And gushing Health, expelling Pains,  
 Shall daily give his Strength to grow.

And lo! like Morn new ris'n, he springs,  
 Propitious Health, on Dove-like Wings,  
 Flies hov'ring o'er his dawning Face;  
 And with her brings Delight and Peace;  
 Rekindling Joy each brilliant Orb supplies,  
 And lights anew the Splendor of his Eyes.

Too long their Beams, in Clouds conceal'd,  
 Lay hid from publick Sight;  
 A People's Pray'r at length prevail'd,  
 Jerne's Vows dispell'd the Night.

Eclips'd untimely, thus the mounting Sun  
 Encroaching Darkness shades,  
 Ere half his glorious Race is run,  
 Through Noon-tide Night the lab'ring Planet wades.

Astonish'd

Astonish'd Nations lift their Eyes,  
 Depriv'd of his all-cheering Ray,  
 Ten thousand Pray'rs assail the Skies,  
 Till Heav'n appear'd restores the joyful Day.

All hail celestial Light !  
 Thy Smile each gloomy Cloud dispels :  
 Nature, reviv'd by thee, looks bright :  
 Thy Blaze each raptur'd Bosom swells.

To thee, the grateful Muse shall sing,  
 Whilst joyful Millions bless thy Beam ;  
 Hibernia's echoing Vallies ring,  
 With STANHOPE'S, STANHOPE'S loud applauded Name.

On



*On taking a Lady's Picture in Church, whilst  
she sung the Psalm.*

**L**ET fair *Familia* kindly cease  
To blame fond *Strepson's* Art,  
He stole a Likeness of her Face,  
*Familia* stole his Heart,

Those Features whence his Sketch he took  
Shall soon, too soon! decay,  
When Time shall rifle that soft Look,  
And wear those Smiles away.

The blushing Tinct may longer glow,  
But Nature's Strokes must wear;  
The mimick Face can then but show  
That *Fanny* once was fair.

Her

Her Trophy, then, must nobler be,  
 Whilst Life, nay Thought remains;  
 His captive Soul shall ne'er get free,  
 Nor Death shall break his Chains.

In blissful Worlds where Angels sing,  
 Inflam'd with Love Divine,  
 When joyful Seraphs clap the Wing,  
 He'll mix his Voice with thine.

Forgive him, then, relentless Maid!

If more your Pride denies;  
 And let him clasp the painted Shade,  
 Who for the Substance dies.

To CLEON, *on his Arrival at his  
Villa.*

TO welcome thee a Muse unknown aspires,  
 Unequal far to what the Theme requires,  
 Yet humbly hopes to vindicate her Choice,  
 Who sings in Concert with the publick Voice.  
 A Patriot's Deeds such high Encomiums claim,  
 As *Cleon* merits from the Mouth of Fame,  
 Who spreads his Bounty with unsparing Hand,  
 And Industry excites o'er all the Land;  
 His Canvass Wings each distant Coast explore,  
 And waft the Wealth of either *India's* Shore,  
 Which flows enliv'ning in his Country's Veins,  
 Still more the Publick's, than his private Gains :  
 So runs the sanguine Current through the Heart  
 Whilst ev'ry Member shares a wholesome Part.  
 Would they who swell in higher Rank and Place  
 (The Boast of Vice, the Blush of Human Race)

With



With virtuous Emulation wisely see  
 A People's Parent, and that Parent thee;  
 No more should Luxury licentious roam,  
 To waste abroad the Wealth we want at home;  
 No more should Wretchedness and Want prevail,  
 Nor Hunger tempt the starving Hand to steal;  
 Nor should Corruption with her gilded Claws,  
 Debauch our Senates, and debase the Laws;  
 Each wealthy Chief would then a Patriot be;  
 Who for his Country lives, must live like thee.

But see where Nature, with distinguish'd Grace,  
 Adorns the Prospect of this lovely Place;  
 The Birds harmonious chaunt on every Tree  
 To welcome to their Groves the Spring and thee;  
 There waving Woods on lofty Summits grow,  
 Here Silver Lakes reflect their Shades below:  
 The charming Landskip glads the Gazer's Heart,  
 And Nature's Hand assists the Hand of Art;  
 Yet Art alone behold triumphant smile,  
 With all her Pomp in yonder sacred Pile,

Whose

Whose solemn Brow the stedfast Eye commands,  
 The pious Labour of religious Hands,  
 Which rais'd to Heav'n in these degen'rate Days,  
 It's Founder's Faith and Gratitude displays;  
 And shall inform remotest Years to come,  
 When *Brunswick* reign'd, and *Cleon* rear'd the Dome,  
 A noble Task lies immature behind,  
 Tho' oft revolv'd within your gen'rous Mind;  
 Yet still in Embrio waits your pow'rful Hand,  
 To form the Symmetry, and bid it stand.  
 When Arches bend and swelling Columns rise,  
 The stately Edifice shall strike our Eyes  
 With simple Majesty and solemn Stile,  
 At once to deck and dignify the Pile.  
 The noble Mass magnificent shall grow,  
 Not vainly high, nor yet ignobly low;  
 Shall shine a Medium clear of each Excess,  
 Its Master's Temper, and his Worth express;  
 Shall there erect in lasting Grandeur be  
 By Judges honour'd, tho' 'twas sung be me.

TEMPE,

TEMPE, *a POEM, inscrib'd to SOLITUDE.*

**A**T last, I find where Health her Bow'r has made,  
 To walk with Wisdom in the social Shade;  
 Each Sister-Virtue in her Train is seen,  
 Rejoyc'd to wait on sweet Content, their Queen.  
 Around her Grott unfading Verdu're grows;  
 And Bliss untainted from her Fountain flows;  
 By Nature call'd she quaffs the Morning Gale,  
 And sups with Science in the Muse's Vale.  
 Content, and Nature, in one Mansion dwell;  
 And Virtue near them builds her mossy Cell.

Happy the Man who seeks not Pow'r, or Praise,  
 And with such meek Associates spends his Days;  
 From Envy safe, and wild Ambition's Sway,  
 No Camps allure him, and no Courts betray:  
 From Custom's Snares secure he turns aside,  
 The Baits of Passion, and the Springs of Pride;

By



By Prudence taught, he points his mental Ken  
 Through Wisdom's Glass, and views the Ways of Men,  
 Who grasp at fleeting Good in each Disguise,  
 And gaze on Shadows with insatiate Eyes;  
 With panting Hearts each false Delight pursue,  
 Through Fancy's Maze; but still neglect the true;  
 By Pride impell'd, in Fairy Rounds they roam,  
 To seek that Bliss abroad which lives at home.  
 Misguided Man! to Passion's Pow'r a Prey;  
 By Sense deceiv'd, by Judgment led astray;  
 Thou Tool of Folly! in thy Reason's spight,  
 Renounce thy Knowledge, and do Nature right.  
 Did she the splendid Ills of Life impose?  
 Increase thy Wishes, or create thy Woes?  
 Did she thy Idol Pride advance on high?  
 Or lift thy daring Thoughts to scale the Sky?  
 Did she enchant thee in the mystick Glade  
 To build on Vapours, and dissect a Shade?  
 In fierce Opinion's Forge to toil in vain,  
 And mould the Phantoms of thy forming Brain?

For

For specter'd Whims which sanguine Fancy rears  
 Distort the Center, and confound the Spheres;  
 Did she the Bigot's furious Breast inspire  
 To spread his frantick Schemes with Sword and Fire?

Of all who breathe in Earth, in Air, or Tides,  
 Whom Reason governs, or whom Instinct guides,  
 Thro' Nature's Realms no Wretch like Man is found,  
 Who spurns her Barriers, and who breaks her Bound;  
 Still rushing lawless on, his headlong Mind  
 Leaves native Joy and gentle Peace behind:  
 He spreads the Snares of Fate in Fashion's Loom,  
 And, in each deep Refinement, digs his Tomb.

' Ye Sons of Folly! hither bend your Eyes,  
 Compare Conditions, and for once be wise:  
 Here Art adorns the smiling Groves and Fields;  
 She rules o'er Nature, and to Nature yields:  
 With mutual Scepter and successive Sway,  
 By Turns they govern, and by Turns obey:  
 Bright Order first, and Truth coeval rose,  
 To Error still, and Discord, endless Foes;

Eternal

Eternal Harmony through Nature sounds;  
 Gives Brooks their Borders, and gives Worlds their  
 Establish'd Rectitude in all appears; [Bounds.

Instinct the Ant, and Concord moves the Spheres.

Why else should Extasy my Breast o'erflow

When icy Winters frown, or Roses blow?

When raging Storms the Mountain Billows break,

Or gentlest Gales curl o'er the quiv'ring Lake?

Here, Twilight Groves my Ev'ning Fancy woo;

The Rook high cawing, while the Woodquests coo;

The colour'd Cloud enrich'd with golden Dyes,

To crown yon blue-rob'd Hill which props the Skies;

The winding Vale that spreads her mantl'd Bloom,

The Lake that glimmers through the verdant Gloom;

Here, pendant Lawns the limpid Mirrors grace

With blooming Blushes, and with vary'd Face:

Reflected Beauties 'mid the Chrystal Scene,

For ever purple, and for ever green,

The Sense and Judgment at one View delight,

Regale the Fancy, and surprize the Sight.

With



With Breast elate, I climb the shapely Mound,  
 An *Eden* smiling, where a Chaos frown'd :  
 O'er the grim Rock a flow'ry Mantle thrown,  
 With daify'd Verdure decks the craggy Stone  
 From Quarries rent, which rugged rose, and rude,  
 By Rigour soften'd, and by Toil subdu'd.  
 The gentle Slopes so easy here uprise,  
 As Nature's Hand would human Art disguise.  
 So, when some awful Sage, whose manly Mind  
 By Virtue warm'd, and Love of Humankind,  
 A savage Race in wild Disorder saw,  
 Of barb'rous Manners fierce, and brutal Law,  
 With painful Steps, he wins his arduous Way,  
 By slow Degrees, and bends them to obey ;  
 Till tam'd at last, in social State they stand,  
 By Reason rul'd, and bless the forming Hand.

On publick Worth let each Delight attend ;  
 Delight, the Means, but Worth be still the End ;  
 The virtuous Cause shall wise Effects procure ;  
 Who tills the fallow'd Glebe shall feed the Poor ;

Shall make the Rustick smile, his Garners groan,  
And in his Neighbour's Wealth enjoy his own.

For this, the Fields shall richer Blooms display,  
The Groves shall gladden, and the Hills look gay;  
For this, the Springs in lucid Lakes shall flow,  
The Temples glitter, and the Gardens glow.

Let me amid thy Bowers delighted stray,  
Or on thy breezy Summits waste the Day,  
Wrapt in Elysium, wander through thy Groves,  
Which calm Reflection courts, and Fancy loves;  
There, in some murmur'ing Grott, my Folly lose;  
And drink Oblivion with the sacred Muse:  
From airy Hopes, and groundless Fears, secure  
Enjoy Existence, or its Ills endure.

O Solitude Divine! where Reason dwells,  
No Pride provokes thee, and no Passion swells;  
Let me, repos'd in thy serene Embrace,  
From human Evils far,---from human Race,  
Let me, entranc'd, on thy soft Bosom lie,  
And all th' insulting Storms of Life defy:

There

There, to itself, restore the injur'd Mind;  
And be what Nature, and what God design'd.

Let then the Statesman hatch his gilded Schemes,  
And canton Kingdoms in extatic Dreams;  
In greedy Visions grasp th' incircl'd Ball,  
Whilst butcher'd Millions to his Frenzy fall;  
Their Pelf, and Party, let the World pursue;  
For what, my Friend, has Reason there to do?  
From hostile Storms escap'd, that harrafs'd Dove  
Now seeks her Safety in the silent Grove;  
Where you tread Paths by thoughtful Science made,  
And court the Muses in the letter'd Shade.  
There, at each tow'ring System taught to smile,  
Which erring Fancy founds, or Pride can pile;  
There, still on Truth to fix your steadfast Eyes,  
And point out Falshood in her gay Disguise;  
There, with your Country's Weal your Wishes blend,  
To sacred Freedom, and her Cause, a Friend:  
By publick Virtue warm'd, your Bosom glows,  
And only Slaves and Tyrants are your Foes.



But waft, my Muse, to yonder Bow'r, thy Strains,  
 Where Wisdom governs, and where Reason reigns;  
 Where sweet Content each vital Blessing brings,  
 And o'er the genial Board extends her Wings;  
 There, smiling Concord fills her Halcyon Throne,  
 Of Joys sincere possess'd --- to Kings unknown:  
 Harmonious Hearts her heav'nly Laws obey,  
 And waiting Angels guide her peaceful Sway.  
 What pleasing Sounds thus circle through the Gale  
 What Sweets extatick o'er my Mind prevail!  
 Ye Zephyrs hush! O! softly pant the Breeze!  
 Ye Doves, be dumb, *Melinda* strikes the Keys!  
 As near I move, my ravish'd Senses find  
 Her Musick gives the Image of her Mind;  
 Where tuneful Passions gently rise and fall,  
 With temper'd Energy, at Reason's Call;  
 That mental Melody which Art exceeds  
 Sounds in her Words, and varies in her Deeds:  
 Conn. bial Symphony! whose equal Tone  
 Still in her Consort's Wishes finds her own;

Their

Their circling Joys, in mutual Measures move,  
 And ev'ry added Day those Joys improve.  
 But see ! their Hopes to distant Prospects run,  
 A blooming Daughter, and a darling Son ;  
 That growing Bliss which rip'ning Youth endears,  
 The Pride and Promise of maturer Years ;  
 By Meekness rob'd, her gentle Garb they wear ;  
 For Virtue form'd them with peculiar Care ;  
 To lodge true Worth their op'ning Minds she dress'd,  
 And filial Duty came the foremost Guest ;  
 Nor came alone ; she soon engag'd a Place  
 For Manly Talents, and for Female Grace ;  
 Then Sense and Wit their fair Apartments fill,  
 By mild Discretion guided at her Will ;  
 Breeding and Decency came next behind,  
 And Honour rais'd, and Goodness warm'd the Mind :  
 Beauty indeed would fain her Place secure,  
 But Angel-like, she waits at Wisdom's Door.

Can there, on Earth, exist more true Delight?

Or gracious Heav'n an happier Pair unite?

Esteem and Worth, in growing Commerce blend;

And each a Lover lives, and each, a Friend.

*To a FRIEND on his Marriage.*

**A** Choice for bless'd Heav'n only could inspire

To give a Fore-taste of the Joys above;

How gaily native Innocence lights up

The Charms of Beauty's powerful Glance, and shines

Conspicuous in her lovely Smile: mature

In Wit, above her tender Years, she seems

Design'd to show Perfection in her Dawn;

Where Fruits and Blossoms charm at once our View,

And all the Seasons meet the early Spring.

Let Wealth no more o'er tender Hearts prevail

With



With Magick Glitter, nor debase the Mind  
 To barter gen'rous Love for sordid Gold;  
 Gold from reluctant Nature's Bowels rent,  
 The Bane of Peace and Pest of Humankind.  
 See here the Avaritious, treasur'd Gems  
 Through Chrystal Caskets blaze, Gems brighter far  
 Than Orient Pearl or *India's* sparkling Stone,  
 Whose never-fading Lustre needs no Foil,  
 On humble Ground in native Meekness set.  
 Can hoarded Pelf with such a Fund compare?  
 To thousands Slave, the Miser's Idol God,  
 The Spendthrift's Curse, when Beauty shines enrich'd  
 From Heav'n's inestimable boundless Store,  
 With all the Virtues that adorn the Mind  
 For social Converse and the Joys of Life,  
 To sweeten Cares, and bless the marry'd State:  
 When these united in one Bosom dwell,  
 What Monarch, on his gorgeous Throne elate,  
 Shall proudly dare to claim so rich a Prize?  
 And yet to thee her plighted Hand she gave;

Nor staid, I ween, her faithful Heart behind,  
 In her Embrace be thou as fully blest'd,  
 As mortal Essences can be, who Bliss  
 Consummate never here can know,  
 Since Cares intruding thrust themselves between,  
 And Pain oft petrifies the Couch of Down :  
 From these her Arms a sure Afylum yield,  
 Where ev'ry anxious Care shall refuge find,  
 And chang'd to Joy corrode the Heart no more.

May Years returning in soft Circles roll,  
 And lengthen'd Days increase your growing Loves,  
 Till Time shall Passion into Friendship turn ;  
 When hoary Wisdom makes the good Exchange,  
 And Reason's Pow'r those Hands shall faster tye,  
 Which Fancy first and tender Wishes join'd.

**LINES**

*LINES inscrib'd to the Right Honourable the  
Lord NEWPORT, Lord High Chancellor of  
Ireland.*

ON Fancy's Wings for distant Heights outspread,  
Through vast ethereal Tracts I tow'ring fly,  
To where bright Sol, with orient Blushes red,  
Pours forth the Splendors of the Morning Sky.

There the wise Magi sought fair Truth of old,  
And Virtue for their firm Companion chose;  
There new-born Arts did Wisdom's Veil unfold,  
And moral Science like the Sun arose.

Amidst the Memphian Shades in Thought retir'd,  
Where pious Sages mystick Visions saw,  
And blameless Priests and Patriots lay inspir'd  
With Plans of sacred Faith and social Law.

Th'



Th' indulgent Goddess to my Eyes display'd  
The Springs of Science, and the Seers of *Nile*;  
Whence *Anram's* Son the *Hebrew* Host convey'd,  
With *Egypt's* Wisdom fraught, and learned Spoil.

Amaz'd I view'd the Hieroglyphick Gloom,  
Where dawning Knowledge o'er the Globe was spread,  
Whose genial Rays illumin'd *Greece* and *Rome*,  
And pass'd the tow'ring *Alps'* eternal Head.

Then rais'd aloft through Fields of purple Air,  
I joyful urge my intellectual Flight.  
Now *Sparta's* Pillars unadorn'd appear;  
Now *Athens'* Pomp distends my aching Sight.

Pleas'd thro' the Philosophick Gloom I stray'd,  
Led on by Contemplation's Hand to rove;  
And *Brutus'* venerable Form survey'd,  
Erected awful in the sacred Grove.

Methought before the Patriot's Image plac'd

The solemn Shade of *Socrates* I saw,

Whilst *Plato's* Form the *Roman* Hero grac'd,

Who fell beneath his Country's falling Law.

There Eloquence her dreaded Pow'r display'd,

*Demosthenes* still thunders in my Ear,

Whose rapid Bolts the distant Foe dismay'd,

And *Philip's* haughty Soul transfix'd with Fear.

See, <sup>3</sup> Sister Arts in mutual Triumph reign,

And rise through Ages with improving Grace;

The sculptur'd Marble, and the lofty Strain,

Offspring of Liberty and lasting Peace.

Till Iron Discord with her stern Alarms

Banish'd the Muses from their ancient Seat;

The Muses fled from Anarchy and Arms,

And found in *Latium* a secure Retreat.

There

There *Clio* to my mental Eye reveals  
 The *Roman* Glories and immortal Name,  
 Whilst Justice pois'd inviolate the Scales,  
 And warlike Virtues spread their matchless Fame.

Amidst the Senate *Cato's* Form I see  
 Stemming with Virtue's Pow'r Corruption's Tide,  
 But say what bright distinguish'd Chief is he,  
 Adorn'd by *Mantuan Maro* at his Side?

*Mecenas*, him th' immortal Muse hath rais'd  
 Above the wasting Round of Time's Career,  
 His Patron's princely Worth by *Flaccus* prais'd,  
 Shall shine exalted as the starry Sphere.

Now wrapt in *Tully's Tusculum* retir'd,  
 I lay intranc'd within the sacred Bow'r,  
 Where ev'ry God his glowing Breast inspir'd,  
 And ev'ry Age shall claim his thoughtful Hour.

Remote



Remote from *Rome* to *Britain's* blissful Shore,  
 The guiding Goddess wing'd her radiant Flight,  
 Where *Bacon's* Hand unlock'd the latent Store  
 Of Nature's richest Treasures to our Sight.

Th' important Volumes to my Mind disclose  
 The mighty Genius dawning in each Line,  
 In him th' unclouded Sun of Science rose ;  
 In him, the Philosophick Beam Divine.

Thence down my visionary Eye surveys  
 A chequer'd Century of rolling Years ;  
 Rejoic'd to fix on *Hardwick's* happy Days,  
 Whose high-rais'd Worth a thankful Age reveres.

*Hardwick!* whom Heav'n for human Good design'd,  
 For Virtue's Guardian and Religion's Friend ;  
 In him th' Oppress'd a sacred Refuge find ;  
 For him a grateful People's Vows ascend.

Wide

Wide-wafted thence o'er Seas that furling roll,  
I pass'd the boist'rous hoarse *Iernian* Flood,  
Still pressing nearer to the frozen Pole,  
And on a Mountain's lofty Summit stood ;

From whose commanding Brow my Sight surveys  
A Prospect copious as it's Master's Mind,  
Where varying Nature all her Charms displays,  
With ev'ry polish'd Art and Grace combin'd,

When lo ! the Song-inspiring social Maid  
Exulting, pointed to a stately Bow'r ;  
An awful Edifice, half hid in Shade,  
Which seem'd the Seat of Dignity and Pow'r :

“ Thither, she said, with humble Steps aspire ;

“ There ancient Piety and Wisdom dwell ;

“ There Charity still fans her sacred Fire,

“ And gen'rous Fervours in each Bosom swell.

“ The

“ The Virtues there of ev’ry ancient Sage,  
“ Through Time resounded by the Trump of Fame,  
“ The gather’d Glories of each rolling Age,  
“ Concenter’d in one shining Focus flame.

“ There *Cato*’s Soul and *Tully*’s Tongue unite;  
“ There *Hardwick*’s Heart and *Bacon*’s Wisdom join;  
“ There *Brutus*’ Firmness in his Country’s Right  
“ Blends with immortal *Plato*’s Warmth Divine.”

Before the solemn Portal now I stand,  
Where all the Virtues in their Stations wait:  
But see, th’ illustrious Chief appears at Hand,  
Lo! **NEWPORT** issues from the lofty Gate.

**BATH.**



BATH, a POEM; *inscrib'd to Dr. NUGENT,*  
*Physician at Bath.*

**B**eneath the full-orb'd Moon's pale quiv'ring Gleam,  
 Lonely I wander'd with serene Delight,  
 Where *Avon* mute draws her slow winding Stream,  
 And dubious glides insensible to Sight.

Musing, along the ozier'd Banks I stray'd,  
 Whilst founding Riv'lets sadly-pleasing roll,  
 The Vesper-warbling Bird enchants the Shade,  
 And brilliant Stars shine round the spangl'd Pole.

The awful Scene each solemn Thought inspir'd ;  
 Of Good and Ill I ponder'd much the Cause ;  
 Of Ill deep-felt, and Good in vain desir'd ;  
 Of ruling Providence, and Nature's Laws ;

If

If Bliss was meant the Lot of wailing Man :

If Bliss unbroken in this State below ;

Where Heart-corroding Pains contract his Span,

And wasting Cares consign his Life to Woe.

Anxious, revolving in my hardy Breast,

Rashly arose the Sentiment prophane ;

Till Reason's Arm the rebel Thought repress,

And sacred Truth resum'd her tranquil Reign.

Methought a radiant Form in Beauty's Bloom

Beckon'd me gently to a Rustick Bow'r,

Where interwoven Fragrance form'd a Gloom,

A Grotto sacred to some Sylvan Pow'r :

'Twas rosy *Health* ! she here her Dwelling had ;

*Health* ! fairest Daughter of the genial Skies ;

Her beamy Smile made ev'ry Creature glad ;

And with her dwelt her Sister *Exercise*,

The Nymph whom ancient Bards exulting sung,  
 When vig'rous Fingers swept the sounding String,  
 When Temp'rance triumph'd, and when Time was young,  
 In Virtue's Autumn, and in Nature's Spring.

From Chrystal Rocks then living Streams ran clear,  
 And dimpling spread their glassy Mirrors round ;  
 Immortal Verdure deck'd the smiling Year,  
 And bounteous Nature bless'd the teeming Ground,

The Branches big with blushing Burdens bow ;  
 And Flocks, unclaim'd, along the Vallies feed ;  
 The Virgin Glebe nor felt the Sharing Plow,  
 Nor sportive Lambs beneath the Knife yet bleed :

The gushing Grapes, unprefs'd, yet harmless hung,  
 No reeking Lips the Crimson Nectars stain ;  
 The jealous Ivy round its Clusters clung,  
 To skreen from guiltless Men the gen'rous Bane.

Seasons,



Seasons, unbid, their various Viands spread ;  
 And Herbs and Fruits compose the artless Treat ;  
 Excess, as yet, nor rear'd her bloated Head,  
 Nor noxious lent her frantick Hand to Fate.

Thus bloom'd the Goddess *Health*, serenely fair !  
 Then Peace presided, and then Passion slept ;  
 Stranger alike to Discord, and to Care ;  
 No Arm then injur'd, and no Eye then wept.

*Content*, her ever-constant Handmaid, stood  
 Obsequious, waiting at her chearful Side ;  
 Her Subjects lov'd her ; for her Reign was good,  
 Of Envy fearless, and unknown to Pride :

Till Vice, fell Pest ! advanc'd her baleful Head,  
 Through Virtue's District direful Inroads made ;  
 Before her Strides the Virgin Goddess fled,  
 And sought for Safety in the shelt'ring Shade.

*Excess* usurps the Throne, and, lawless, reigns ;

*Riot* and *Luxury* before her stand ;

*Disease* and *Death* fly o'er th' infected Plains,

And *Pride* and *Pestilence* deface the Land !

From Clime to Clime the vagrant *Virtue* fled ;

From Clime to Clime the baneful *Pest* pursu'd ;

In *Albion's* Isle she rear'd her Angel Head ;

In *Albion's* Isle the golden Age renew'd !

There, Reason rul'd, and Temp'rance triumph'd there,

There Health and Strength, a vig'rous Offspring, rise ;

Health in the Soil was found, and in the Air,

And Strength, in nervous Limbs, and manly Size.

But thou, sweet *Bath* ! her lov'd Abode she makes ;

Or on thy circling Hills she waves her Wings ;

Or laves her brooding Bosom in thy Lakes ;

Or rises glowing in thy hallow'd Springs.

Thou,

Thou, Source of Joy ! whence cordial Bounty flows,  
See, Life ! See, Vigour ! gushing from thy Veins ;  
Thou unexhausted Balm of human Woes !  
To banish Sorrows, and to sooth all Pains.

Propitious Fountain of sincere Delight !  
Beauties new kindl'd from thy Bosom rise ;  
As Stars, ascending from the Ocean bright,  
With Rays relum'd adorn the Eastern Skies.

Ten thousand Pleasures on thy Summits sport ;  
And Gladness glides exulting in thy Gales ;  
The blooming Graces to thy Groves resort ;  
Or, wander joyful in thy winding Vales,

Take then the Lay a grateful Muse bestows ;  
Th' unlabour'd Lay, which to thy Fame she brings ;  
To thy inspiring Source her Song she owes ;  
Her Numbers warble from thy sacred Springs.



Nor thou, my Friend, the fervent Strain refuse ;  
 Since Virtue warms, and Merit claims the Lay ;  
 A Worth like thine the chafteft Bard may chufe ;  
 A Praise fo juft, with decent Pride difplay.

For Arts much honour'd, but for Virtue more,  
 Through *Envy's* Cloud fhine forth thy gen'rous Mind ;  
 Thy Heart, as copious as thy healing Store,  
 Flows out with equal Force on Humankind.

Lo ! Nature's deep-hid Springs to thee are known ;  
 Her fecret Workings and myfterious Laws ;  
 Her winding Labyrinths you make your own ;  
 You ward the fell Effect, you crush the Caufe ;

Nor Gain, nor Vanity, thy Mind can move  
 To lift the Weari'd, and the Anguish'd eafe ;  
 Thy ruling Avarice, the publick Love ;  
 Thy utmoft Pride, a Heart humane to pleafe.

And

And see! Success, thy happy Steps attend;  
 Success thy Goodness, and thy Talents claim;  
 Let then the feeble Efforts of a Friend  
 Join the strong Current of thy spreading Fame.

---

*To a FRIEND.*

**S**ince Knaves are captious, and since Fools are dull,  
 Who'd wish to wrangle with a Knave or Fool?  
 Fond of his Notions, let the Dunce be vain,  
 And his just Right to Emptiness maintain.  
 Stiff and conceited in his clumsy Pride,  
 And ever loudest on the erring Side;  
 By stupid Hearsay, not by Knowledge led,  
 Whole Heaps of vulgar Errors crowd his Head:  
 His Judgment too (for nought he understands)  
 Lies, like his Money, in some other Hands:

And yet the Self-admiring, silly Ass  
 Conceits that both alike should current pass :  
 Some crony Coxcomb o'er his Foible reigns,  
 From whom he borrows what supplies his Brains  
 With Sentiments absurd, and silly Views,  
 Which he with Pride precipitate pursues.

Such senseless Sots are ever rapid found,  
 Like Bodies bounding from a higher Ground :  
 Their headlong Haste slow trundling to a Stand  
 Is ever equal to th' impressiv Hand,  
 Who meerly passive to Direction's Force,  
 One follows one, as Horse is link'd to Horse ;  
 Alternate tread the beaten Track they find,  
 The Father leads, the Son comes on behind,  
 And both are burthen'd still, and both are blind.  
 Whence comes this Prejudice that rules the Throng,  
 So absolute confounding Right with Wrong ?  
 Is it from Fathers to their Sons effus'd,  
 Or is it Custom has the World abus'd ?

Custom,



Custom, that Reason's Foe so oft appears,  
 Strengthen'd by Age, and rev'rend made by Years :  
 The hoary Sorcerers with Magick Hand,  
 Inchants whole Millions to her wide Command.  
 Lo! gaping Multitudes her Nod attend,  
 Revere her Dictates, and her Laws defend.  
 Where Truth dethron'd, to silent Shades must fly,  
 And Reason close her clear discerning Eye ;  
 The Goddess banish'd from this peopl'd Ball,  
 By few is worship'd, and prophan'd by all.  
 Ten thousand various Shapes her Vot'ries wear,  
 The Shapes as various as the Vot'ries are.  
 Yet each with partial Pride his own surveys,  
 'Tis Reason's Liv'ry, and must Reason please  
 He vainly thinks : For so Self-love describes  
 The tinsel Trappings with extatick Eyes,  
 Whose dazzl'd Rays imagin'd Splendors find,  
 Where Fancy glitters, and where Sense is blind.

Tho' Truth's a Sun, tho' Reason lends its Light,  
 Yet groping Mortals wander still in Night :

Such

Such Fogs from Custom, and from Passions rise,  
 Which daily cloud their intellectual Skies.  
 Seduc'd by Pride, the Sons of Men are led :  
 Pride rules the Heart, and Pride supplies the Head.  
 'Tis hence the Atheist scoffs at Faith and Creeds ;  
 The Sage dies poring, and the Soldier bleeds :  
 Hence wicked Wits would laugh Religion down,  
 And surly Churchmen wear th' indignant Frown.  
 Pride o'er the Passions holds-despotick Rule,  
 Sneers in the Knave, and whispers in the Fool,  
 Deck'd in rich Robes with princely Pomp she dwells,  
 Yet lurks she not with Hermits in their Cells ?  
 The same which mounts the glitt'ring *Persian* Throne,  
 And creeps with cavern'd *Anchorites* unknown.  
 In some she labours Life's short Course to steer,  
 Sound the flat Shelves, and from the Rocks keep clear :  
 A decent Pride through op'ning Seas will sail,  
 Scorn the By-creek, and court the gen'rous Gale.  
 'Tis virtuous there, for Virtue fix'd the Bound,  
 'Tis vicious here, for Vice o'erleap'd the Mound.

Extreams

Extreams with equal Energy conspire,  
 Like scorching Qualities of Frost and Fire.  
 Happy the few, which in the Middle stand,  
 A rigid Justice leans to neither Hand,  
 But nicely eyes when this or that prevails,  
 And ponders Life in Truth's unerring Scales,

Could Worth and Wisdom act a mutual Part,  
 Serene the Head, and social were the Heart ;  
 Were Man a private and a publick Friend,  
 And of his Being answer'd ev'ry End,  
 His Wishes free from ev'ry sensual Chain,  
 His Thoughts unruff'd, and his Soul serene,  
 Blest'd to enjoy what calm Content bestows,  
 Nor dreading still that calm Content to lose ;  
 A State so blissful Mortals ne'er must know :  
 Who seeks an *Eden* finds a Waste below.  
 Look round, alas ! the dismal Prospect scan,  
 This Sea tempestuous, and that Vessel, Man,  
 Toss'd by his Wishes, by his Passions driv'n,  
 This Wretch of Reason, and this Heir of Heav'n,

In



In giddy Whirls can find no certain Coast,  
 His Pilot blinded, and his Steerage lost.  
 Since hateful Vice in every Clime is found,  
 Shoots in each Soil, and choaks the burthen'd Ground,  
 Infects the Effence of the human Soul,  
 And sheds her spreading Plagues from Pole to Pole,  
 Can then strict Order with Confusion stay,  
 Or mortal Man th' eternal Rule obey?  
 By Nature prone he takes the strongest Part,  
 And joins the Rebel Motions in his Heart;  
 Revolting daily to th' intestine Foes,  
 What Precepts can the faithless Heart oppose?  
 Should mild Religion lend her sacred Hand,  
 To raise the sinking Wretch, and bid him stand;  
 Yet even she all-gracious and benign,  
 Must weep defeated, and her Claim resign:  
 So strong is Nature, and so weak is Grace,  
 So much misguided is this reas'ning Race.  
 Tho' Folly has the madding World o'er-run;  
 Yet Wisdom here and there has sav'd a Son,

Selected sure by Heav'n's peculiar Love,  
 To brighten Nature, and to shine above;  
 As Stars of larger Magnitude on high  
 The Earth enlighten and adorn the Sky,  
 Thus *Plato* glitter'd, godlike *Newton* shone,  
 Thus *Bacon* once, and once an *Addison*.  
 Illustrious Names! by Providence design'd  
 To beam its Bounty, and direct Mankind.  
 A thousand lesser Lights in Life appear  
 Distinguish'd high in Nature's Hemisphere,  
 Hung out by Heav'n to guide our Course below,  
 Correct our Wand'rings, and our Safeties show,  
 Whose Lustre much, but whose true Progress more  
 Guides our frail Barks, and points to Wisdom's Shore.

*On seeing a Picture of his Royal Highness the  
Prince of WALES, which was present-  
ed to the University of Dublin.*

**I**N Time's wide-wasting Walk with backward Tread,  
Through Fancy's Retrospect I journey'd far,  
Where human Glory in her Piles lay spread,  
The Arch triumphal and the trophy'd Car.  
Deep in th' Abyss of that mysterious Gloom  
Where Embryon Years and dire Contingents grow,  
Like Twins matur'd in Time's all-teeming Womb,  
Whence Pride's fell Progeny and Discord flow.

There laurel'd Chiefs and Heroes old I saw,  
A headlong, hardy, dread, destructive Train,  
Their God Ambition, and their Will their Law,  
Tremendous Prodigies and Nature's Bane.

By



By Pride impell'd and Fame's fallacious Blast,  
In Virtue's Garb which Madmen Glory call,  
At destin'd Life the deathful Spear they cast,  
And tore the Vitals of this wounded Ball.

O Shame of Reason and her boastful Sons ;  
Instinct they scorn, whose Footstep never strays ;  
Yet she unerring to her Purpose runs :  
Her Ends are certain, tho' unmark'd her Ways.

Let human Arrogance from hence be taught  
How wide from Rectitude her Passions roam ;  
Passions abroad for Happiness have sought :  
But Happiness with Nature dwells at home.

Pensive I view'd through deep Reflection's Ken  
Excentrick Reason and the Rounds of Time,  
With all the mazy Labyrinths of Men,  
Opinion's Frenzy, and Ambition's Crime.

With Eyes averted from th' unsocial Scene,  
 The Muses led me to a sacred Shade,  
 Where laurel'd Grotto's bloom'd for ever green,  
 And peaceful Olives in the Zephyrs play'd.

Secure, inwrapt beneath th' embracing Wing  
 Of solemn Science and serene Repose,  
 Celestial Transports in my Fancy spring,  
 And glorious Visions to my Soul disclose,

Wafted, methought, where blissful Shades up-grow,  
 Amidst a flow'ry Vale intranc'd I lay,  
 Where winding Streams in limpid Mazes flow,  
 And crested Swans down Silver Currents stray.

There high-hung Rocks by crimson Fragrance crown'd,  
 With gentle Force reflect the Noon-tide Beams,  
 Whilst gushing Springs from Chrystal Caverns sound,  
 And floating Rills diffuse their falling Streams.

To pierce the Clouds th' aspiring Cliffs uprose  
 From boist'rous Storms and savage Man secure,  
 Beneath all Nature's Wealth uninjur'd grows,  
 Her Bounty blesses, and her Charms endure.

One downward Walk slow winding from on high,  
 By Virtue's Hand and willing Nature made,  
 Invites the curious Mind and searching Eye,  
 To seek with cautious Steps fair Wisdom's Shade.

But see the Goddess heav'nly bright appears,  
 Persuasion pleading in her Smile serene;  
 A thousand Charms her graceful Form endears,  
 And Peace exults and Pleasure in her Mien.

A Crown, unfading, on her Brow she bore  
 With Virtues Emblems, and her Gems inlaid;  
 The Crown, immortal, which of old she wore;  
 Ere yet Ambition had the World dismay'd.



Her favour'd Sons from 'midst the madding Crowd,  
Her Sons select with gentle Hand she drew,  
Secreted timely from th' austere and proud,  
Their Fame wide-spreading tho' their Numbers few.

Great Nature's Secrets in the Shade they sought,  
Nor gaz'd attentive on the deep-hid Store  
Of treasur'd Mischiefs in her Bosom wrought,  
The dazzling Diamond and th' enticing Ore.

Guileless as yet within its darksome Bed,  
Unrifi'd in the Virgin Globe it lay :  
No ferdid Fancy on its Splendors fed,  
Nor drag'd the deep Infection forth to Day.

Now by a Chrystal Fountain's pure Expanse  
They view the Windings of the starry Train,  
That through th' etherial Concave nightly dance,  
Or rise refulgent from the purple Main,

So Wisdom's Sons sequester'd from the Throng  
 Of Custom's Captives, and her Slaves milled,  
 In Freedom happy, and in Virtue strong,  
 From Crimes were shielded, and from conscious Dread.

Thus bloom'd the Goddess in her Reign retir'd,  
 To Triumphs fell and fatal Fields unknown;  
 Her gentle Sway no sanguine Wreath requir'd,  
 In Halcyon Hearts she sat her friendly Throne.

Now mighty Monarchs by her Charms are won,  
 Who gaze enamour'd on her Face Divine,  
 And Slaves and Tyrants to her Temples run,  
 Embrace her Altars, and adore her Shrine.

The Muse attendant in her radiant Way,  
 Beholds her shining like the Morning Star,  
 Herself unfolding in a Flood of Day,  
 Diffusing Science and her Light from far.

From *Egypt*, beaming, and the splendid East,  
 To *Greece* she travel'd on the Wings of Fame;  
 Their op'ning Gates receive the glorious Guest,  
 And lofty Pyramids her Praise proclaim.

Behold, on high th' immortal † Bard appears,  
 In every Region like the Sun survey'd,  
 Whose Fame shall vanquish Time's remotest Years,  
 When Brass and Marble are to Dust decay'd.

What Laurel Wreaths at letter'd *Athens* grew,  
 What Science there dispens'd her sacred Store;  
 Desire was dazzl'd at the splendid View;  
 Ambition pall'd, and Pride could ask no more.

Who on his Country's Bosom gently trod?  
 Who fetter'd Freedom in his silken Bands?  
 Imperial *Cæsar*, ---- *Rome's* Desire and Rod,  
 With Tyrant Trophies in his Patriot Hands.

The

† *Homer.*



The World's dread Lord, *Augustus*, great in Fame;  
 With open Arms embrac'd the Muses Lore;  
 The grateful Muse adorns th' immortal Name,  
 And gilds the Stains his Conquests left before.

Through far-stretch'd Years by Rage and Rapine spread,  
 The guilty Streams with human Slaughter swell,  
 The Muse from Discord hides her harmless Head,  
 And seeks the lonely Shade and pensive Cell.

In dismal Damps long Ages there she lay,  
 'Mid Glooms envelop'd and congenial Night,  
 Till *Leo's* lucid Beams brought back the Day,  
 And call'd forth Learning to her native Light.

With her each Virtue to the World return'd,  
 And Truth once more unveil'd her heav'nly Face;  
 Usurping Error from her Throne was spurn'd,  
 And awful Justice fill'd her ancient Place.

In *Britain's* Isle, by Heav'n's directing Voice,  
 Her best lov'd Dwelling, and her Home she made;  
*Britain* of old was Virtue's early Choice;  
 For Freedom nurs'd her in the friendly Shade.

Now op'ning wide an ambient Cloud retir'd,  
 When, lo! a Form in Female Pomp appears,  
 An awful Form with regal Robes attir'd;  
 Her Mien majestick, and mature her Years.

Her Head a Crown, a Scepter grac'd her Hand,  
 And publick Care sat comely on her Face;  
 She look'd Dominion and austere Command,  
 With Mercy temper'd, and with manly Grace.

Her Throne of azure Gems and Pearl was made,  
 With *Indian* Gold and dazzling Diamonds grac'd;  
 Old Ocean's Trident at her Feet was laid;  
 Her Feet on vanquish'd *Spain* were firmly plac'd.

Before

Before her Throne *Britannia's* Genius bows,  
 Obsequious waiting at her pow'rful Hand,  
 Whilst kneeling Millions offer ardent Vows,  
 The fervent Incense of a grateful Land.

On yonder distant † Shore behold a Pile,  
 A solemn Pile from sacred Ruins rise,  
*Eliza's* Glory gilds the joyful Isle,  
 She bids the stately Structure pierce the Skies.

The noble Mass in solemn Form ascends;  
 The Musea Mansions charm my ravish'd Sight;  
*Ierne's* Angel like the Noon descends,  
 And fills the lofty Dome with sacred Light.

I see! I see! the mystick Leaves unfold,  
 And Time's vast Volume to my Eyes expand;  
 Rejoic'd, I read th' illustrious Names enroll'd,  
 The Beast of Science and their native Land.



Great *Usher's* Fame his early Fame outspread,  
 Has reach'd the Limits of the rising Morn;  
 He drinks with Wisdom at her Fountain's Head,  
 Whilst orient Wreaths his awful Brows adorn.

In far-stretch'd Views with fainter Rays I see  
 Through Years remote and distant Clouds descry'd,  
 The Patriot-Genius doom'd by Heav'n to be  
 The Muse's Glory, and his Country's Guide:

Immortal *Swift*, with Wit's true Radiance crown'd,  
 Near him bright *Congreve* and *Roscommon* shine;  
 There *Parnel* treads through Life's mysterious Round,  
 His Hermit leading in his Hand Divine.

With these a Train of laurel'd Sages spring,  
 Deserving Honours and unspotted Fame,  
 Surrounding Angels wait on miter'd King,  
 And sacred Wisdom bows to *Berkeley's* Name.

Wide,

Wide, and more wide, my raptur'd Mind surveys  
Auspicious Prospects dawning from afar,  
The Joy and Triumph of succeeding Days,  
*Britannia's* rising Hope, and Virtue's Star.

A promis'd Prince rejoicing Time shall bring,  
Assisting Heaven shall haste th' important Hour;  
On his just Brow no lawless Wreath shall spring,  
Nor guilty Glory stain his temper'd Pow'r.

Religion's Charms shall all his Soul possess,  
Her Charms unchanging, and celestial Hue,  
His great Ambition shall be still to bless,  
And Honour's Prize in Virtue's Path pursue.

Triumphant Justice on his Throne shall wait,  
His Throne on Truth's eternal Base shall stand,  
Meekness on high shall lift his glorious State,  
And Godlike Mercy guide his scepter'd Hand.

On

On him the Seasons shall their Bounty shed,  
And smiling Plenty pour her teeming Horn ;  
His Fame with Time's descending Streams shall spread  
To distant Years and Ages yet unborn.

See Learning's Sons the laurel'd Trophy bring,  
See Arts exult in his prolific Beam,  
Each raptur'd Muse the genial Power shall sing,  
And Wisdom's Voice adorn th' immortal Theme.

Virtue once more her drooping Head shall raise,  
And smile secure within th' Embrace of Pow'r :  
Merit reviv'd shall meet with more than Praise,  
And Genius then to glorious Heights shall tow'r.

Thou too, *Hibernia*, hail th' approaching Year,  
Prepare thy Voice, attune thy ancient Lyre ;  
Triumphant Notes thy echoing Vales shall cheer,  
*Augustus*' Fame shall fill thy grateful Choir.



Sacred to thee, indulgent Heav'n bestows

The Pledge prophetic of thy promis'd Day,

For thee on high th' imperial Portrait glows,

Which Genius warms, and Godlike Arts array,

From Fancy's Eye, lo! Time's historic Hand

With gentle Force the mystic Veil updrew,

Behold serene the gracious Semblance stand

In awful Radiance to my raptur'd View,

## ARDELIA, A POEM.

*Address'd to a very agreeable young Lady.*

**C**LIO, fair Nymph of heav'nly Race,

Declin'd for once her Bard's Embrace,

Like fickle Wantons here below,

Who random Favours wildly shew,

He anxious courted her Return,

But she rejects his Vows with Scorn;

Those

Those Vows which could but ill aspire  
 When she withheld her heav'nly Fire;  
 In vain on Fancy he depends,  
 His heavy Fancy still descends,  
 The held-up Crown, the mighty Prize,  
 The Laurel green that never dies,  
 And all that on *Parnassus* grows,  
 Or from *Pierian* Fountains flows,  
 The Sons of *Phœbus* to reward,  
 And crown the visionary Bard,  
 At distance far he faintly views,  
 Then inward sighs, and blames the Muse:  
 But Mortals to vain Fears resign'd,  
 In Darkness to what lies behind  
 The mystic Veil let down by Jove,  
 To screen his Purposes above,  
 When dusky Doubts desponding press  
 From present Ills the future guess,  
 Dismissing Hope when Succour's near,  
 They blindly rush upon Despair.

For lo! the Nymph of Form divine,  
 With Presence sweet and Smiles benign,  
 His Vows at length propitious hears,  
 And in a Vision bright appears,  
 As in a Gloom where Poplars rise,  
 A gentle Slumber clos'd his Eyes;  
 Her shape celestial she displays,  
 Her radiant Head was crown'd with Bays,  
 Her Shoulders fledg'd with purple Wings,  
 And in one Hand a Laurel springs,  
 Which she extended held on high  
 Emblem of Fame and Victory;  
 A trembling Lyre the other shews,  
 Which on her Bard the Muse bestows;  
 But touching first th' etherial Wire,  
 Inflam'd his Soul with sacred Fire,  
 Diffusing Transport through each Part,  
 And melting Rapture round his Heart.  
 Descending now with yielding Eye,  
 And pointing to the Wreath on high,

For Behold,



Behold, she said, ambitious Bard !  
 The Prize you seek, the rich Reward,  
 Which shall employ the Trump of Fame  
 In sounding forth your envy'd Name.  
 Yet these high Favours which you court  
 Are not vouchsaf'd for trivial Sport ;  
 A playful Fancy to employ,  
 Or glitter on some tinsel Toy :  
 A Theme distinguish'd I will find  
 That shall exalt thy ardent Mind,  
 Where Truth and Genius justly may  
 Each others Excellence display ;  
 On such Foundations building Praise,  
 The polish'd Pile secure you'll raise,  
 Embellish'd high in ev'ry Part  
 With all the beauteous Strokes of Art,  
 Where she and Nature both conspire,  
 And at their own Success admire.  
 Gross Flatt'ry here can find no Place,  
 You need but copy ev'ry Grace :

A Nymph

A Nymph with Lineaments divine,  
 And envy'd by the tuneful Nine;  
 For sprightly Wit and Genius known,  
 And Judgment equal to their own;  
 A Critick nice, but not severe,  
 A Mind as tender as sincere,  
 Shall your successful Subject be,  
 In singing her you're sure of me.  
 The Graces too shall all attend,  
 And ev'ry Pow'r thy Verse befriend.  
 Then happy Bard my Counsel chuse,  
 Let bright *Ardelia* be thy Muse.  
 Her Voice divine still charm'd my Ear,  
*Ardelia's* Form approaches near,  
 With ev'ry native Beauty bless'd  
 In *Clio's* heav'nly Smile confess'd;  
 Her Mien in Virtue's Air array'd,  
 A thousand graceful Charms display'd,  
 Such Charms as genuine Raptures give,  
 And in Reflection's Eye shall live;

Lodg'd

Lodg'd in the Soul unmix'd and pure,  
 Shall lasting as itself endure.  
 Her outward Charms, her youthful Prime,  
 May yield at length to rising Time,  
 But those within elude his Sway,  
 And late shall triumph o'er Decay.  
 If like the Sun she must decline,  
 Her Ev'ning Rays shall richer shine,  
 With purple Splendours deck the Sky,  
 And look more lovely than on high.  
 Virtue alone such Pow'r displays  
 When mortal Beauties lose their Blaze.  
 How happy then th' accomplish'd Maid,  
 Where Virtue joins in Beauty's Aid!  
 Where Meekness makes true Merit rise  
 And heightens Charms it would disguise!  
 By busy Fancy thus employ'd,  
 The pleasing Dream I long enjoy'd:  
 The Vision fled, I waking find  
 The lovely Image in my Mind.



My kindling Fancy soon took Fire,  
 I joyful snatch the founding Lyre,  
 By *Clia's* heav'nly Finger strung,  
 And all th' extatic Vision sung.  
*Ardelia's* Worth demands the Song,  
 To her my future Strains belong;  
 For she improves each Line I write,  
 Her Blots still make my Numbers bright;  
 Thrice happy Numbers, doom'd to lie  
 Beneath the Influence of her Eye,  
 Imbibing thence, as from the Sun,  
 A Life and Vigour not their own.

N  
 Though every Look your Beauties shows,  
 Tho' every Smile the Cheek

Printed

My

To a young L A D Y, who had made an Epigram  
on TIME, but refus'd to give a Copy,

W H Y will *Ardelia* still refuse  
What she may grant with Pride,  
Why study to suppress her Muse,  
Why still her Numbers hide?

No more conceal that sparkling Vain,  
Let your bright Treasure run,  
Like current Gold your Sterling Strain  
Should circle with the Sun.

In vain you mask in Housewife Airs,  
In vain disguise your Wit;  
Through ev'ry Look your Sense appears,  
Thro' ev'ry Smile the Cheat.

Prithee

re

Prithee no longer thus affect

Your Talents to conceal :

Let Wit its own bright Beam detect,

And throw aside the Veil.

Nor need you fear your Friends should blame,

They know your Worth too long ;

That you on Sense build solid Fame,

Not on a trifling Song.

A furnish'd House your Mind appears,

Where Firmness claims a Place ;

Yet Ornament the Fancy cheers,

And Pictures give a Grace.

Your Subject, Time, will never stay

Then use it to kind Ends ;

Nor think your Moments thrown away,

When you instruct your Friends.



*On a Young* L A D Y D A N C I N G ,

*Who did great EXECUTION without knowing it.*

**W**HEN *Stella* glides with heedless Glance,  
Obedient to the sprightly Sound;  
Through all the Mazes of the Dance,  
With Musick-moving Feet around :

Such Harmony is in her Air,  
Such Grace each Attitude supplies;  
In Transport lost no Sound we hear,  
A sweeter Concord charms our Eyes.

Thus lovely *Venus* in her Sphere  
Thro' winding Measures moves on high;  
With golden Beams she glads the Year,  
And gaily gilds the Morning Sky.

While

While raptur'd Mortals on her gaze,  
 Regardless by what Law she moves ;  
 Still ravish'd by her splendid Rays,  
 The joyful World admires and loves.

Triumphant thus no Pang she feels,  
 No Pity melts her vacant Mind :  
 So youthful Victors at their Wheels  
 Unheeded Captives drag behind.


Ah *Stella* ! know thy Power betimes,  
 Guiltless in thee, yet fatal found ;  
 Thy Eyes indeed commit no Crimes,  
 Yet ev'ry Glance conveys a Wound.

With Caution use thy dang'rous Charms,  
 Which now at Random thus annoy ;  
 And gently wield those glitt'ring Arms  
 By Beauty brighten'd to destroy.

At least behold thy Victims fall,  
Their Fate should some Compassion move;  
Thy pity may extend to all,  
Tho' one alone enjoys thy Love.

---

M Y R T I L L A.

**T**HE crimson Clouds, with Gold array'd,  
O'er the rich Dawn their Pomp display'd;  
The Sun in blushing Beams arose,  
The Mountains glitter as he goes;  
The tow'ring Lark her Anthem sings,  
And Heav'n's blue Arch melodious rings;  
The tuneful Thrush kept Time below,  
The frisking Lambs leap to and fro;

Each



Each feather'd Warbler stretch'd his Throat,  
 And Echo answer'd ev'ry Note.  
*Myrtilla* now, relenting Maid,  
 Was walking by a verdant Shade,  
 There loosely dress'd in lovely Green,  
 Her Presence bless'd the gladsome Scene;  
 Her Locks Love's Labyrinth reveal,  
 They wanton in the balmy Gale;  
 The balmy-Gale her Locks unfurl,  
 And rife Fragrance from each Curl,  
 Which scatter'd Odours as they play'd;  
 Her snowy Breasts such Charms betray'd,  
 As might the coldest Heart inspire,  
 And warm old Age with youthful Fire.  
 With Eyes intent she gently moves  
 Attended by a thousand Loves;  
 A Paper glitters in her Hands,  
 The Edge was Gold, and Gold the Sands  
 That o'er the soft Contents were shed,  
 The Letters spangled as she read;

Her Eyes enrich the lucid Lines,  
 A gentle Lustre from them shines.  
 Then, blushing, sighs with silent Shame,  
 And seems her secret Wish to blame:  
 Her Wishes then themselves declare,  
 No Wish unkind possess'd the Fair;  
 For mighty Love her Bosom sway'd,  
 And sweet *Myrtilla* Love obey'd.  
*Damon*, she said, how pure thy Flame!  
 (And as she said she kiss'd the Name)  
 How long did I thy Vows reprove,  
 Deaf to thy Sighs, and blind to Love!  
 Too proud thy Passion to exchange,  
 Regardless of the dread Revenge  
 Which Love's keen Arrows have infix'd,  
 When with my Soul thy Image mix'd:  
 Ah! kneel no more, dear Youth arise,  
*Myrtilla* now for *Damon* dies,

Young *Damon*, by some God convey'd,  
 Had sought, like her, the Morning Shade,

Where

Where in a Gloom with Moss o'ergrown,  
 He makes his melancholy Moan;  
 He hears her speak, he sees her move,  
 And what he hears and sees is Love.

Quick in his Soul soft Tumults rose,  
 His Blood in rushing Currents flows;  
 His Pulse and Breath unequal play,  
 Depriv'd of Motion as he lay.

*Myrtilla* now approaches near,  
 His Bosom beats with Hope and Fear;  
 As nearer still the Damsel drew,  
 The tender Tumult thicker grew;  
 Her plaintive Voice on *Damon* calls,  
 She sees him pant, then starting falls,  
 And falling with disorder'd Charms  
 She drops into her *Damon's* Arms.

Thus Love, or Chance, or both, conspire,  
 And Fate indulg'd each fond Desire;  
 The little God exulting flew,  
 Who would his own soft Triumph view,

He



He clapt his Wings, his Quiver spurn'd,  
And with a Laugh aloft return'd.

---

*On the Hospital for Lying-in Women, erected in  
Dublin. Inscrib'd to the Founders.*

CElestial Charity ! thy Praise I sing,  
O lift my Fancy on thy Angel Wing,  
With thy pure Energy, propitious Guest,  
Fill all my Faculties, and fire my Breast,  
To raise the Soul, its tender Springs to move  
To warm Benevolence, to kindle Love.  
O Queen of Virtues ! in whose Face we find  
The living Traces of th' Eternal Mind,  
Where Pity beaming copious Bounty glows,  
And sweet Benevolence for ever flows ;  
How are thy Attributes, celestial Maid,  
Through all th' Extent of Heav'n and Earth display'd !  
Lo !

Lo! melting Mercy in thy Essence lives,  
 And pities first what she at last forgives.  
 Through each revolving Scene and changing Stage,  
 From cradl'd Infancy to crippled Age,  
 Thy friendly Hand supports the trembling Knee,  
 And Pain and Poverty still cry to thee.  
 Thine Eye well-pleas'd, propitious Goddess, turn,  
 Here kneel thy Vot'ries, here thy Altars burn,  
 Here breath thy Ardours, here thy Pow'rs redress,  
 And reach th' up-lifting Hand to low Distress;  
 Remove fell Maladies, and soften Woe,  
 When teeming Nature feels the painful Throw;  
 Shelter the Matron from the naked Wild,  
 And save at once the Mother and the Child:  
 The Houseless Wretch no friendly Shade who finds,  
 Expos'd to beating Rains and howling Winds,  
 Shall here from Anguish and Temptation free,  
 Enjoy her Innocence, her Babe, and Thee;  
 Shall here, secure from casual Ills, confess  
 Thy healing Comforts, and thy Bounty bless.

Auspicious

Auspicious Pile, preventing Pains and Guilt,  
 First plann'd by Piety, by Virtue built,  
 A publick Virtue in thy Founder blaz'd,  
 A publick Love thy sacred Mansions rais'd,  
 Mansions by Charity herself design'd,  
 The sure Asylum of the suff'ring Kind,  
 Whom Poverty with meagre Mien pursues,  
 And ghastly Malady, with Pain, subdues;  
 In thee reliev'd, their fainting Souls revive,  
 The rescu'd mother and her Infant thrive;  
 Through timely care and Strength-restoring Food,  
 Those smiling Pledges of the publick Good,  
 Thy Charity to early Light conveys,  
 To social Duties and to lengthen'd Days,  
 Strengthens for frequent Births the fruitful Womb,  
 And stores Community with Hands to come,  
 Training the Midnight Dame to save the Wife,  
 Nor strangle Nature in the Porch of Life.

O! need the Muse invite the gen'rous Fair,  
 To make such Charity their constant Care;

By



By Nature taught, to pity they incline,  
 And chearfully support the great Design;  
 Their winning Smiles shall ev'ry Bosom warm,  
 Inspire Compassion, and to Goodness charm,  
 Shall ev'ry human Heart with Joy engage,  
 And melt to Charity a gen'rous Age.

---

*On taking PORTO-BELLO by Storm.  
 Inscrib'd to the Vernon Club in Drogheda.*

*Written in the Year 1740.*

**L**ET *Albion's* Rocks loud Pæans ring,  
 And let the furling Wave reply,  
 In hoarse resounding Tenors sing,  
 And send the Tidings to the Sky.

Triumphant *Vernon* is the Theme,

O! lift it to the tuneful Spheres;

Let distant Globes his Worth proclaim,

Whilst *Britain's* Guardian Angel hears.

Whilst

Whilst he expands the mighty Blast

On his exulting Wings outspread,

Descending with celestial Haste

To shield the matchless Hero's Head.

Hark ! mimic Thunders burst below,

To spread the joyful News around,

Proud *Porto-bello* feels the Blow,

And lies a Ruin on the Ground.

Let *British* Bosoms grateful flame,

For Honour and for Treasure won,

While smiling Babes lip *Vernon's* Name,

And Kings applaud what he has done.

- His Deed that shall enrich our Story,

When busy Fame herself grows old,

And sick Ambition's cloy'd with Glory,

Great *Vernon's* Triumphs shall be told.

Let

( 191 )

Let then the blushing Bumper flow,  
Rich Spirits dance through ev'ry Vein,  
Victorious *Vernon* has laid low  
The boasted Strength and Pride of *Spain*.

Let all th' illustrious Sons of War,  
Who triumph in the glorious Task,  
Be toasted in thy Wine Guymar,  
And empty the inspiring Flask.

For as the Bumper goes its Rounds,  
And each stout Hero's Health we ply,  
Great *Vernon* answers in dread Sounds,  
And gasping *Spaniards* sink and die.

SONG.



S O N G.

**W**HILE soft *Zelinda* from yon Hill  
The Silver Tide surveys,

The Air so mild, the Wind so still,

It gently fans the Sprays.

The pensive Nymph array'd in Green,

With golden Tresses spread,

Her snowy Arm reclin'd is seen,

On which she leans her Head.

To Love's Delights she tun'd her Tongue,

The Turtles ceas'd to coo,

The Linnets listen'd as she sung,

And seem'd to feel them too.

( 193 )

*Alexis* was the lovely Name  
Which warbl'd through the Gale,  
Echo return'd the charming Theme,  
Still vocal in the Vale.

*Alexis* ! dear deceitful Swain,  
Why to my Passion blind ?  
O ! give me back that Heart again,  
Which I so late resign'd.

Or come, thou cruel conquering Boy,  
Come crown the Vows you made,  
Those Preludes to Love's raptur'd Joy,  
When in the conscious Shade :

Where thy bewitching Language stole  
Like Magic through my Breast,  
Unlock'd the Secrets of my Soul,  
And rifled all the rest.

O

Yet

Yet still I watch thy dear Return,  
Still haunt each happy Place,  
Where mutual Flames did equal burn,  
And mutual Arms embrace.

But fly, Inconstant, from me go ;  
Why should a Nymph pursue  
A faithless Swain who shuns her so,  
A Swain that's never true ?

O yes ! reply'd my yielding Heart,  
Itself alas ! thy Prize,  
Who can resist thy tempting Art,  
Or long withstand those Eyes?



*On seeing Mrs. Woffington appear in  
several Characters.*

**D**elightful *Woffington* ! so form'd to please,  
Strikes ev'ry Taste, can ev'ry Passion raise,  
In Shapes as various as her Sexes are,  
And all the Woman seems compriz'd in her :  
With easy Action and becoming Mien  
She shines accomplish'd, bright'ning ev'ry Scene.  
The Prude and the Coquet in her we find,  
And all the Foibles of the fairer kind,  
Express'd in Characters themselves would own,  
The Manner such as might the Vice atone  
Her taking Graces gain them new Esteem ;  
They're chang'd to Virtues, or like Virtues seem.

If, drown'd in Grief, pathetic Sorrows flow,  
The pitying Audience feels the mimic Woe ;

The soft Infection swims in gushing Tears,  
 We weep the Ills of twice two thousand Years.  
 When warlike *Pyrrhus* woos th' afflicted Fair,  
 Then all *Andromache's* display'd in her :  
 The Springs of Nature feel her pow'ful Art,  
 She moves the Passions, and she melts the Heart :  
 Her noble Manner all the Soul alarms,  
 When Sorrow shakes us, and when Virtue charms ;  
 Sincere Emotions in each Bosom rise,  
 And real Anguish knows no mock Disguise.  
 Who would not Beauty's falling Fate deplore,  
 Who sees her faint, and droop, and sink in Shore ?  
 The dying Fair excites such gen'rous Pain,  
 What Bosom bleeds not when she begs in vain ?  
 Extreme Distress so feelingly she draws,  
 She seems to challenge, not to court Applause.  
 Secure of Worth, nor anxious of her Claim,  
 She coolly draws a careless Bill on Fame.  
 The noblest Sentiment, by her display'd,  
 In all the Pomp of *Milton's* Muse array'd,

Emphatic Beauties from her Hand receive,  
Adorn'd by Graces which they us'd to give:  
Envy herself extorted Tribute pays,  
And Candour spreads, and Justice crowns her Praise.

---

*A Farewel to APOLLO \* and the Muses,  
at Glasnevin.*

**A** DIEU! ye green ambrosial Bow'rs!  
Ye friendly calm Retreats, farewel!  
Where Converse crowns the blissful Hours,  
And blameless Mirth and Pleasure dwell.  
Where oft, intranc'd, I happy lay,  
From every anxious Care retir'd,  
In Fancy's Visions pass'd the Day,  
By smiling Solitude inspir'd.



The Muses † there exulting rise,  
 And spread aloft their verdant Pride,  
 With Arms uprais'd repel the Skies,  
 Shading their sacred Fountain's Side;

Whose copious Spring inspiring flows,  
 A living Stream, for ever clear;  
 Where e'er it glides each Flower grows,  
 And purple Daisies deck the Year.

There *Phœbus*, with unclouded Ray,  
 Propitious shines serenely bright,  
 His genial Pow'r adorns the Day,  
 And warms with vital Beams the Night.

† This alludes to Trees planted round a Well, which he calls  
*Helicon*, and the Trees the *Muses*.

By Fortune forc'd to foreign Climes

From thy hospitious Shades to roam,

Accept, sweet Place ! these parting Rhimes

I pay to thee, my friendly Home !

Sacred to thee, my grateful Lyre

Shall oft thy absent Shades deplore ;

Thy absent Shades shall wake its Wyre,

On *Albion's* wide resounding Shore.

No length of Time shall e'er deface

Thy Image in my thankful Breast :

Reflection there thy Form shall trace,

In lasting Characters impress'd.

In thee my Worth and Wit prevail !

In thee the blooming Laurel grow !

May Health be wafted in each Gale,

And Plenty's Cup still social flow !

Long thy *Apollo* there display  
 The Virtues of his gen'rous Mind,  
 Diffusing, like the God of Day,  
 His bounteous Beams on all Mankind,

---

*On viewing the MONUMENT of the Right  
 Honourable William Conolly, Esq;*

AS on the Patriot's awful Form we gaze,  
 The breathing Marble his great Soul displays;  
 Reclin'd and pale, with pungent Pains oppress'd,  
 He feels his Country in his dying Breast:  
 For her dear Sake would ward th' impending Dart;  
 From her reluctant, not from Life, to part.  
 For ever firm, to Heav'n's high Will resign'd,  
 He calmly cast th' impartial Eye behind:  
 There the bright Virtue of each well-spent Year  
 Beams on his Soul, nor leaves one Cloud of Fear.

Bless'd



Blest'd Shade! one Moment cease thy Bliss to know,  
 And view well-pleas'd that pious Form below.  
 Oh, see thy Country in thy Confort weep,  
 And o'er thy Ashes grateful Vigils keep!  
 Her fervent Pray'r to Heav'n, like Incense, flew  
 On Angel Wings, a Sacrifice for you:  
 The pure Oblation pass'd th' eternal Gate,  
 And rose sweet smelling round the Mercy-Seat;  
 But Heav'n, alas! the Soul-breath'd Wish denies;  
 Heav'n weigh'd thy Worth, and call'd thee to the Skies.

Still o'er thy Shrine thy faithful Confort bows,  
 Still to thy Mem'ry pays her plighted Vows.  
 See Grandeur here by social Virtue grac'd;  
 The Manner noble, as refin'd the Taste!  
 Not Pride, but Piety there strikes our Eyes,  
 And Meekness lifts yon Pillar to the Skies.  
 Why smokes at Noon that hospitable Dome?  
 To feed the Fatherless, the Orphan's Home.  
 By thy Example thus she wings her Way,  
 Once more to meet thee in the Realms of Day:

She

She treads thy shining Path, keeps still in Sight,  
Thy Beam illustrious, and reflects thy Light.

Thus in the crimson West the Lamp of Day  
Resplendent sets, and sinks his radiant Ray :  
In th' Azure East, inrob'd with milder Beams,  
The Queen of Night sends forth her chearing Gleams ;  
Connubial Lustre o'er the Ocean sheds,  
Glads the low Vales, and gilds the Mountain Heads.

---

*To a FRIEND.*

**T**O thee in *Tempe's* blissful Shade,  
From *Bolesworth's* Brow I write ;  
A happy Place, by Nature made  
For Pleasure and Delight.

Here flow'ry Hills o'er fertile Vales

In gay Confusion rise :

Here smiling Health, amid the Gales,

On purple Pinions flies.

Here

Here rural Sports the Mind engage

To pass the pleasing Day ;

Here *Tilson* quits his *Tully's* Page,

To turn the tedded Hay,

From *London* far, and State Affairs,

Sagacious he retires :

Each tranquil Bliss serene he shares,

Which Solitude inspires,

No Passions rude can here annoy

His undisssembled Smile ;

Domestick Sweets, connubial Joy,

Must ev'ry Care beguile :

Still near her Side his Soul approves,

In Love and Friendship blest'd,

Each tender Sentiment that moves

Within her faithful Breast.

His



His lovely Babes, like Lambkins play,  
 Sportive in *April* Sun :  
 Rejoicing meet him in his Way,  
 Or prattling round him run.

Thus lightly gay the Moments fly,  
 Which feel no Weight of Care;  
 Could Time but throw his Pinions by,  
 He'd wish to settle here.

Nor less Delight attends on thee,  
 My *Bassus* ! in thy Bow'r ;  
 Where Sense and Genius both agree  
 To crown thy classic Hour.

In quest of Truth, you only tread  
 The Path by Reason made ;  
 By no delusive Guides misled,  
 Of no false Lights afraid.

What

What more could bount'ous Heav'n bestow  
Thy Blessings to secure ?  
It gave the sweetest Pledge below,  
To make them long endure.

In thy accomplish'd, honour'd Fair,  
Thy Bosom-bliss refin'd;  
Whose winning Virtues all appear  
Harmonious as her Mind.

And see ! the beauteous blooming Maid,  
Thy Hope, thy Joy, and Pride,  
With ev'ry pleasing Charm array'd,  
With ev'ry Grace supply'd,

Which Nature's Hand can gently frame,  
Or polish'd Art refine,  
To make her rich in Virtue's Fame,  
And like her Mother shine !

Thou

Thou darling Youth, whose dawning Mind  
 The Muses all desire !  
 In thy bright Thoughts we early find  
 Thy Father's Sense and Fire.

To thee, my *Clio*, grateful still,  
 Shall consecrate her Theme,  
 And sing thee plac'd on *Pindus'* Hill,  
 Or at the sacred Stream.

Each letter'd Art imbibing there  
 With ev'ry Grace combin'd,  
 To make thee to thy Country dear,  
 The Wish of Humankind.

To thee in *Tempe's* blisful Shade  
 This grateful Verse I send ;  
 The Verse sincere, tho' poorly paid,  
 To thee, my honour'd Friend !



*On a publick Collection made for the distress'd  
Remains of the Inniskillen and Derry Men. In-  
scrib'd to the Right Honourable the Lord Tulla-  
more.*

**S**EE social Worth extend her copious Hand,  
See publick Virtue warm a faithful Land!  
See Freedom's Sons in gen'rous League combin'd,  
Who ardent cast their grateful Eyes behind,  
With kindling Hearts their Fathers Deeds survey,  
Who snatch'd from lawless Pow'r th' important Prey;  
Uplifting Liberty when prostrate spread,  
They bravely conquer'd, or as bravely bled.  
To you descends the Patriot's honour'd Name,  
To you the Pledge of Truth, the Thirst of Fame;  
The glorious Legacy, by you possess'd,  
Beams on each Brow, and burns in ev'ry Breast.  
A Deed like this sure Heav'n well-pleas'd shall see,  
You loose those Hands which help'd to make you free.

Not

Nor you, whose Heart with gen'rous Fervour glows,  
 The Joy of Want, and Balm of human Woes,  
 Your Country's Prop, nor you, my Lord, refuse,  
 Amid the publick Praise, the grateful Muse.  
 Kind Heav'n has planted in your noble Frame  
 What Worth can minister, what Want can claim :  
 Your bount'ous Hand is ever foremost found  
 To raise the Weak, and bind up ev'ry Wound.  
 When niggard Nature lock'd each vital Store,  
 When Land and Water gave their Growths no more,  
 When ghastly Famine o'er each Face was spread,  
 And pale *Eblana* droop'd her dying Head,  
 Your saving Pow'r the sick'ning Sun supplies,  
 Unbinds the Globe, and thaws th' inclement Skies.  
 Look back, my Lord ! your pious Schemes enjoy ;  
 Let warlike Chiefs, still anxious to destroy,  
 Spread Ruin round, and Death and Danger brave ;  
 Your Fame from Mercy springs, your Pride's to save ;  
 You seek that Crown whose Gems shall ever glow,  
 When *Derry* falls, and *Boyn* shall cease to flow :

With

With *William's* Worth your virtuous Deeds shall soar,  
When Triumphs fail, and *Albion* fways no more  
Above the fading Stars expiring Rays,  
When Systems sink, and Suns withdraw their Blaze.

---

*On his Excellency the Earl of CHESTERFIELD'S  
resigning the Government of Ireland.*

Where dismal Melancholy moping reigns,  
'Midst a dark Vale which horrid Rocks surround,  
Where sterile Rigour rules the lonesome Plains,  
Nor ever Verdure decks the blasted Ground :

Where howling Winds through clefted Caverns blow,  
And Birds obscene their baleful Mansions keep ;  
Where mimick Echo mocks each Sound of Woe,  
And humid Caves with Tears eternal weep :

P

*Hibernia's*



*Hibernia's* Guardian Goddess, prostrate there  
 Lay brooding o'er her mighty Grief retir'd ;  
 Her rev'rend Head reclin'd, her Bosom bare,  
 In tragick Weeds disconsolate attir'd.

Each Native Attribute dejected stands,  
 Each Virtue sunk, each Orphan Art dismay'd ;  
 And widow'd Science wrung her plaintive Hands ;  
 And listless Sorrow fix'd the Face of Trade.

The Muse, Attendant on the mournful Train,  
 With silent Grief the solemn Scene surveys ;  
 In broken Sighs she breathes her Heart-felt Pain ;  
 Her Lyre unstrung, and wither'd all her Bays,

As from a Trance the Goddess gently 'woke,  
 Then rising slowly with maternal Grace,  
 Thus in faint Sounds her lab'ring Anguish spoke,  
 Whilst copious Tears ran trickling down her Face.

Unhappy

Unhappy Isle! thy short-liv'd Triumph dies,

How scant the Sun-shine of thy brightest Day!

What Cloud malign o'ercasts thy chearful Skies!

What sudden Night obscures the Noon-tide Ray!

Too soon *Britannia* stretch'd her envious Hand;

Too soon (alas!) she snatch'd the Man so dear,

Whose Power serene in Perils could command,

Whose Skill thro' threat'ning Storms with Safety steer,

Each Art reviv'd by his auspicious Smile,

Shone, with new Elegance and Pomp array'd;

In decent State uprose the Regal Pile,

And the rich Column grac'd the new-born Glade,

Bless'd with the Fruits of his paternal Toil,

My grateful Sons with joyful Hearts obey;

Exulting Concord crowns my fertile Soil,

And ev'ry Virtue waits on STANHOPE'S Sway.

O *Albion* ! to my longing Arms return  
The godlike Patriot from thy warm Embrace ;  
With Pity hear thy faithful Sister mourn ;  
Calm her sad Conflict, and restore her Peace !

But if, alas ! by Fate's severe Decree,  
In thy bright Hemisphere this Star must shine,  
Oh ! may his Rays oblique yet glance on me,  
Though his exalted Splendors still be thine.





